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Our New Serial Story.

THE

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN;

A Tale of the Mexican Border.

BY COL. S. K. LISPENARD.

CHAPTER I.

The sun of a glorious day was setting beyond a distant range of blue, hazy hills, as a tall, powerful man, unmistakably an American, pushed his jaded horse onward toward the south, and gazed anxiously straight forward, as one looking anxiously for the end of his journey.

Yes, unmistakably an American, and a frontiersman. A bronzed face, short bearded, was shaded by the broad-brimmed, soft hat, under which escaped the long ends of his dark hair, with here and there a streak of gray, while his clear gray eye and firm-cut mouth told of a bold and resolute nature, cool in danger, ready to dare all in the cause he might espouse.

His blue woolen shirt was open at the neck, around which was knotted carelessly a red handkerchief. His Mexican *calzoneras* were gay with fringes down the side seams, and the broad leather belt which encircled his waist bore on the one side a revolver and at the other a hunting knife in a sheath. His blanket and other "traps" were borne behind his saddle, and a rifle was slung at his back.

Such was Dick Ryder, scout and frontiersman, as he rode that day on the trail of a surveying party of Americans, looking out a route for the first projected railway that was to cross the Mexican border. He rode rapidly, for he was the bearer of important tidings.

Suddenly, from a slight eminence, his quick eyes noted a distant gleam of light. "Their camp-fire! There they are!" he muttered to himself, as he urged his weary steed still onward.

It was indeed the camp-fire of the surveyors that Dick's keen eye had noted. As he rode up and hailed them, his lusty shout brought them all about him, eager to welcome him, and hear his news.

"Bad news, boys! The survey's gone to pot, sure! Night afore last the boss up at Calabasas got some news by telegraph from El Paso. The deal's off—maybe there'll be a force of Mexikin soldiers sent to stop you. Orders are that you shall come in to once!"

A chorus of exclamation greeted this speech, amid which Dick swung himself lightly to the ground, and turning his horse over to a half-breed camp-follower to hold, he drew near the fire. "Got any coffee, boys? My throat's as full of red dust as a wagon-road!"

The chief of the party spoke. "Have you any written orders, Dick?"

"Certainly, Captain. But I thought the boys would like to hear the pints of the thing at once. Here they are." He handed a letter to Capt. Woodrow, and turned his attention to a large tin-cup of steaming coffee that had just been handed him.

It was too true. The suspicion which the Mexicans have of "Los Gringos," or "Yankees," had led the government, with whom the American company was negotiating for the right of way and other privileges, to protest as soon as it was discovered that the preliminary surveying party had crossed the Mexican boundary and begun their work. The governor of Sonora was angered, and it was feared that a party of soldiers would be dispatched to arrest the surveyors. Capt. Woodrow was ordered to return at once, to dismiss his force until he received further instructions, which could not possibly be until an understanding was reached with the irate governor. It would be six weeks or two months before he could expect to resume operations.

To all but two of the party this was bad news. By one of these it was heard with pleasure. "Fritz" Leiter was a botanist and naturalist, an American German who, after his course in the University of Gottingen, had returned home to Chicago, and, possessed of ample means and a love of both science and adventure, had joined the railway survey more to explore Northern Mexico at leisure than from any other motive.

The other of the twain was Willard Dudley. Like his comrade Leiter, he was wealthy enough to care nothing for the pay he received as an assistant on the survey. A graduate of the oldest of American colleges, he had determined to enter the profession of the law. But his health had given way, and a long fit of illness, followed by still slower convalescence, had caused him to be ordered to a warmer climate the previous autumn.

He went to Southern California, and the glorious climate of the semi-tropics had such fascinations for him that he had still lingered, long after his complete restoration to health. Starting at last reluctantly homeward, he had fallen in with the surveying party as it was organizing. In Leiter he found an agreeable companion, and the latter was so fascinated with the young man that he had begged him to join the party, which Dudley, nothing loth, had done.

As the two young men stood aside, discussing the news, they formed a pleasing contrast. Both were splendid specimens of young manhood; but Leiter's blue eyes and tawny hair, as well as his physiognomy, gave unmistakable evidence of Saxon lineage, to which the dark hair and eyes of Dudley were a perfect foil. Both were handsome, yet of opposite types of manly beauty. Leiter was impulsive, talkative, gesticulatory, after the manner of his race; Dudley was reserved and collected, and while not taciturn, was far more quiet than his Saxon companion.

"But, Willard," said Leiter, excitedly, "think what a glorious opportunity! We need not go back to that miserable Calabasas—the hole! bah! Let us go westward till we reach the shore—the Gulf of California! Then we can go south by vessel to Acapulco; then to Mexico city and even to Yucatan, and visit Uxmal, the Pompeii of America! And then through Central America, if you will; anywhere to see the new, the novel! And if we tire of this, then hey! for the nearest seaport, and by steamer to Havana and New York! What say you, *lieber freund?*"

It did not need much persuasion to induce Dudley to consent to the trip. They both had money in plenty for a considerable portion of the route; and more would be available, if needed, whenever they came within reach of the telegraph. "But, Fritz," said Dudley, as the thought occurred to him, "who will be our guide westward to the shores of the Gulf of California? And with the Mexicans probably coming to meet us—is it wise to set off and risk them following us?"

"Ach!" cried the excited Saxon, "Why can we not take our faithful Dick with us? Who could pilot us so well as the brave scout? And as for the Mexicans—bah! Shall not Dick, and ourselves, be a match for the greasers?"

So Dick was called to make a third in their deliberations, and was asked for his aid and his opinion. He had no fear of the Mexican troops. If they came at all, they would take the trail of the returning party, and would be ignorant that the three had started off at right angles to the proposed railway route. No, there was no danger to be feared from them. And he would go with them to the Gulf, and further, if his services were needed. "For," said Dick, in conclusion, "you fellers is a-goin' through a part of this section where I've never been, and so I ain't known; and I'd just as soon go as not, jest to git way from this cussed railroad business. I want to git out and git some huntin' and have some fun. I'm dummed if I ain't sick of seein' so many fellows around as I have for the past six months!"

So Capt. Woodrow was informed of their determination, a bargain was made with Dick, and the whole party turned in—except a picket set to watch for the possible arrival of the Mexicans—in order to have an early start in the morning.

Apizaco is a typical Mexican village. Narrow, dark streets, unpaved, lined with the windowless adobe walls of houses, and leading to the plaza, or public square, which is the market, the lounging-place, the center of the dull life of the villagers. One side of the plaza is occupied by the church, an awkward, sprawling structure, with two equal towers, one at each corner of the facade, flanked on one side by the *casa del cura*—the residence of the officiating priest. Across the plaza, directly opposite is the village inn, or *posada*, the largest structure save the church within the village. The other sides bounding the square are occupied by the few shops, while in the center is a well, from which the main supply of water for the inhabitants is drawn.

On the flat roof of the *posada* were seated our travelers. Wearied with the third day's travel, they had reached Apizaco just in time to join the *posadero* and his family in their evening meal of tortillas and frijoles, supplemented with hastily prepared beefsteak for their especial delectation, and rendered more palatable by a cup of coffee, prepared from their own store. The meal ended, they all, following the village fashion, ascended to the roof to enjoy the fresh evening breeze and the brief twilight.

From their vantage-ground the landscape was a pleasant one. To the north was the valley of a small river, well wooded—for Apizaco lies on the edge of the Encinal, or table-land, where the oak flourishes; and the numerous groves over the unfenced landscape had, in the half-light, the appearance of an extensive park. To the west they could see, on the horizon, a chain of hills that marked the abrupt edge of the plateau, whence by a tolerably abrupt descent the surface sank to to the level of the Vega, or low coast plain, densely wooded, and with a climate many degrees hotter than the comparatively cool and breezy uplands.

Across the narrow valley of the little river, on the plateau beyond, was a large *hacienda*, or residence, a great square structure, looking not unlike a fortress. It was the only structure of note in the wide landscape, save to the west, on the same side of the river as the village, was another hacienda, with outbuildings—but less pretentious than the first mentioned.

"Hah!" said Dick. "Two great cattle farms. This fellow takes all the land this side of the river; and that one," pointing to the hacienda to the north, "has got the range over there. Never was down here before; but I know how these Mexican boys divide the country up. Ought to be rich, both of them, for there's pasture for five thousand on each side."

"And what is that cluster of houses, Dick, do you suppose?" asked Dudley, pointing with his lighted cigar to a jumble of huts beyond the village, clustered on both sides of the river.

"That? Oh, that's where the Indians live," answered Dick.

"But why do they not live here in the village?" interrupted Fritz, who had been busily engaged in putting in a case several magnificent specimens of butterflies that he had captured during the day, and which had been pinned to the rim of his sombrero—for he affected the broad-brimmed Mexican hat, which he declared was the most comfortable, after all; for did not the Mexicans know from experience what sort of a hat was best suited to their climate?

"Why don't they, Mr. Leiter? Because they're Indians!" answered Dick, with measureless scorn in his tone for the descendants of the old Aztec race. "And they're right, too," he added reflectively, motioning over toward the plaza, from whence came the chatter of the villagers, "for a meaner set of cusses than these Mexikin greasers is, don't live on the footstool, by gosh!"

Dick Ryder had yet many of the old phrases that he learned in his boyhood in far away Kentucky.

But regarding the Indians of Mexico, he told a truth that is noted by every observing traveler. They never dwell in communities with the Mexicans of Spanish descent—the "greasers," as the scout contemptuously termed them. And it is not a sense of inferiority that moves them, nor yet a yielding to the superiority that the Mexican who boasts his descent from the *sang azul* of the Conquistadores of Cortez, no matter how often it has been crossed with the muddy life-stream of the Aztec race—and there are but few who do not bear more of the Indian than of the haughty Spanish blood in their veins.

No; borne down at first by the superior race, they beat their necks in obedience to the conqueror. They owned his sway, and yielded outward respect to the forms of his religion. They are great observers of saints' days and church festivals, these Indians. They are devout in all outward forms; but the God of the Spaniard is in his mind the same as the god his Aztec forefathers worshiped on the pyramid of Cholula, the holy city. He is still a heathen at heart. And many an Indian in the wild, remote portions of Mexico yet looks for the coming of Montezuma instead of the glorious coming of the triumphant Redeemer, "conquering and to conquer."

In thought, in feeling, yea, even in their real religion, they are a race apart from the Spanish-Mexicans. They herd together, in pueblos, or villages, apart from the dominant race, and they cherish in their hearts a bitter hatred of their insolent conquerors, a traditional memory of the time when they were the lords of the land, ere Cortez had reached the Western world.

But the reader must remember that this applies only to the subjugated tribes—the remnants of the great Aztec, Mexican, Tlascatecan and other lordly tribes who were the dwellers in the land of Anahuac when the Spaniards entered the country. They are of a widely-different race from the Apaches, Comanches, and other wild and unconquered tribes of Northern Mexico, who are of the great family of Indians with which the people of the United States are familiar. Their religion, their customs, their languages are entirely different. And the Mexican Indians look with as much terror upon a war party of these wild tribes as they do the Spanish-Mexicans.

"Who lives there?" asked Dudley in Spanish of Manuel, the posadero, pointing to the hacienda whose walls could now but dimly be discerned to the northward.

"Don Jose Norton, senor."

"Norton? Why, that is an American name!" interjected Fritz Leiter. And turning to Manuel he said, inquiringly,

"Americano?"

"Si, senor," answered Manuel.

"And who resides yonder?" pursued the vivacious Fritz, pointing to the hacienda to the westward.

"Don Diego Santerra, senor."

"Suppose, my friend, we visit this American cattle-king?" said Fritz, turning to Dudley.

Before the latter could answer, a sharp exclamation came from Dick. A loud shout came up from the plaza, the clatter of a horse's hoofs over the stones, followed by the rush of hurrying feet.

All four sprang to the parapet and leaned over to gaze into the dark plaza. All that could be distinguished was a man on horseback with an excited group of people gathering around him, all talking at once.

Dick Ryder was the first to catch the meaning of the excitement.

"Indians, by thunder!" exclaimed he; "the Apaches are on a raid!"

All knew well enough what this terse announcement portended. Manuel raised a loud yell, while the three Americans, animated by one common impulse, rushed for the narrow staircase, and made their way quickly to the *silleria*, or harness-room of the posada.

Snatching their arms they rushed out into the plaza to get particulars.

CHAPTER II.

All was confusion. Men were rushing hither and thither, getting their arms—mostly clumsy old *trabucos*, or army muskets, though a few had American arms. Women were crying, shrieking, and invoking all the saints to protect them, while the messenger of evil, still on his panting horse, was surrounded by an eager crowd, seeking the particulars.

Led by Dick, who pushed the "greasers" unceremoniously to the right and left, the three Americans reached his side and were speedily in possession of all the information he could impart.

The Apaches were on a raid, and one band was following the trail that led toward Apizaco. They were not many miles away, and he had ridden at the top of his horse's speed for two hours to warn the people. There were no great cattle-farms to the northward for a long distance, and hence their objective point must be the valley of the Rio Virgin, as the little river below the village was called. He gave accounts of their butcheries, and plunderings, and captures of women and children on the plantations along the Rio Saltero, the next stream to the northward, as they had been told him by his informant. No, he had not seen them, but word had come by fugitives from the plundered villages in the valley beyond the range of hills on the northern horizon.

"Shall we go?" said Fritz, the light of battle in his blue eyes, as he heard of the bloody deeds of the ruthless Apaches—a name dreaded even yet in many a village and valley of sunny Sonora!

"Go?" shouted Dick. "You bet!" and he rushed toward the stables of the posada, followed at once by Dudley and Fritz.

Their horses, doubtless much to their regret, were saddled and bridled, and in a few minutes the three rode, fully equipped, into the plaza, now illuminated by a large bonfire, started both to furnish light and to act as a beacon.

Its ruddy rays shone on a scene of confusion. Men were hurrying here and there, mounting their mustangs, or "broncbos," women were crying and wringing their hands, children were everywhere, only half understanding the cause, but enjoying the melee.

"Whom do you await?" shouted Dudley in Spanish, to a dozen or more men, equipped and mounted, gathered in a group at the well.

"We await Don Diego," replied one.

"Let Don Diego follow! Forward!" shouted Dick; and the bold scout, rejoicing in the coming conflict, dug spurs into his horse's flanks, and the whole party started as rapidly as the narrow street would allow.

Once clear of the town, they mended their pace. Down the hill, through the scattered Indian pueblo, and into the river at the ford. Here a pause to let the horses drink—for it might be hours before they again tasted water. Then across, up the hill, and when its crest was gained at a swinging trot in the direction of the hacienda, whose gray walls gleamed in the light of the rising moon.

Evidently the inhabitants of the building are aroused. Lights gleam about it as they approach. The ground is rough and uneven, but they do not abate their speed.

The house was not a hundred yards away when they left the trail to ride directly to the door, where several waiting figures could be discerned.

Suddenly the horse that Dudley was riding stepped in the darkness into a gopher-hole, throwing his rider over his head and heavily to the ground.

In a moment Fritz and Dick were by his side. He was senseless, and the blood was flowing from a severe cut on the side of his head, which had struck a fragment of stone.

"To the hacienda!" answered Fritz; and Dudley was carried thither with all speed, while the frontiersman cursed the unlucky step of the horse under his breath, and chafed over the delay. His keen eye had taken in the range of rocky hills to the north, and his experience had told him that with the cowardly Mexicans that made up the band, the only hope of checking the Apaches was by reaching the gap through which the trail led, and ambushing the red foe. The Mexicans might be relied upon to do fair service in such a case, but he knew that they would wheel and fly after a volley or two if the Indians were met on the open prairie that intervened.

In front of the hacienda were half-a-dozen swarthy *vaqueros*, mounted and equipped, as well as other servants of the hacienda. The proprietor, whom the posadero had called Don Jose Norton, stepped forward to meet them. He was a man hardly past middle life, though his hair was plentifully mixed with gray, dressed in the ordinary costume, somewhat the worse for wear.

The accident was rapidly detailed, and the request made that the family should take care of the still insensible Willard Dudley. Don Jose, full of expressions of sympathy, had him removed at once into the house, and Fritz and Dick followed.

The great, rambling building was in the form of a quadrangle, inclosing a wide *patio*, or paved open court, in the center of which was a mass of tropical greenery—trees, shrubs and flowers. The lower floor was devoted to the kitchen, servants' quarters and offices, while handsome stairways led to the upper gallery, from which doors and windows opened to the various rooms and bedchambers. Forbidding and castle-like as the outside of a Mexican dwelling of the better class may be, on account of the lack of outside windows, the scene is changed when viewed from the *patio*, which is generally the only means of giving air and light to the interior; and the hacienda of Don Jose Norton was no exception. In fact, it was a surprise to find, in Western Sonora, so luxurious and well-appointed a dwelling.

Dudley was carried up the staircase, Don Jose leading the way, and into a great, high-ceilinged chamber, with stately, old-fashioned, heavily carved furniture, and laid upon the bed. Don Jose, with the dexterity of a trained physician, examined his hurts, and applied restoratives.

"There is nothing serious, I think," said he, turning with stately courtesy to Leiter. "A severe cut on the head, and some bruises. With a little rest—a week or ten days—and care, he will be well. And you may be assured," continued he, with a bow, "that he shall have the best attention my household can bestow." And he turned again to his patient, who was beginning to show signs of returning animation.

"Then we won't wait," interrupted the impatient Dick. "I want to git to the pass before the infernal Apaches git thar. Come on, Mr. Leiter!" and he started away.

Fritz waited only to explain briefly how Dudley, himself and Ryder happened to be among the expedition, and hurried down to rejoin his comrades.

The accident had delayed them hardly a quarter of an hour, but this had been time enough for the rest of the Mexicans, from the village, headed by Don Diego Santerra, to overtake them. They came rattling up, headed by Santerra, just as Dick reached the door, and when Leiter sprang into the saddle, the whole body started onward.

Santerra was a swarthy Spanish Mexican, with black hair, moustache and imperial, and apparently about 30 years of age. His black eyes gleamed from under his broad sombrero, as he rode between Leiter and Dick at the head of the little column, and conversed in broken English and fluent Spanish, when his vocabulary in the former language failed him. He was a fearless rider, and all in all a splendid figure in the flood of moonlight, as he sat upon his horse, dressed in full Mexican costume, with a broad sash of silk around his waist, and carrying a rifle in one hand while holding the reins in the other.

But he made decidedly unfavorable impression upon Leiter. His eyes were snaky, and his voice, though well modulated and indicative of culture, had a husky note, and its tone sounded insincere to the German. He was inquisitive, too; and ceased not his questions until he was put in possession of the names of the three Americans, and the circumstances that had brought them to Apizaco at that juncture.

Fritz saw no reason for concealment, and gave him the information he desired. He was glad he had done so; for the ring of suspicion in Santerra's voice disappeared, and he seemed far more at his ease with both his companions, though he reverted with tiresome frequency to Dudley, whom he, of course, had not yet seen.

But as the Mexican became more at his ease, Dick became taciturn, and returned but monosyllabic replies to whatever was said to him. He kept his eyes fixed on the pass in the hills, now so near that the dark oak clumps could be distinguished clearly from the lighter hue of the open land.

Suddenly he spoke: "Say, Mr. Leiter, I'll go ahead. It is not far to the pass, and we don't want to git ambushed, instead of trapping the red cusses."

Leiter turned questioningly to Santerra, who was by tacit consent the leader.

"By all means, if the senor will be so kind," returned Santerra. "We will go at a more moderate pace, so that he can reconnoiter and return."

Without more ado, Dick dashed off, first unslinging his rifle and carrying it so as to be available for immediate use. A quarter of an hour brought him to the pass.

It was a narrow, rocky defile, and he rode cautiously through, stopping at frequent intervals to listen. Finally he reached a point at which he could look over the open country beyond.

There was not a sound to break the stillness of the night, save the hum of insects in the clump of oaks within whose shadow he sat, and the monotonous note of the *oriza*, or Mexican whippoorwill.

Then he distinguished the distant hoof-beats of the horses of the party he had left, gradually growing louder as they advanced.

He gazed across the broken land stretching out before him. The white moonlight made the clumps of trees, the broken edges of the ravines, take on an unreal look. He had never seen the valley of the Rio Saltera. How late was it? He glanced up at the sky; the moon was nearing the meridian. It must be almost midnight. The Apaches must have turned back; they would certainly have reached the pass before this, had they not. He turned again to the northward.

Something—what it was he could not tell—was moving over the surface, over a mile distant, a black spot on the prairie a mile away. He strained his eyes, but could not distinguish the outline. Evidently a single horseman, he thought; is it a scout of the enemy, or a fleeing fugitive?

Suddenly a red glow came up from the valley a mile or so beyond the advancing object growing brighter and brighter. A burning building, without doubt!

While still gazing on the coming rider, his own party came riding up, Santerra and Leiter ahead.

Quickly Dick caused the Mexicans to ride behind the little grove, while he directed the attention of the two to the advancing object.

It was evidently a single rider; but he was bent down over his saddle-pommel, as if holding his seat by a grasp upon the horse's mane.

Dick brought his rifle into position, and the click of the lock told his two companions his intention.

On came the rider, the horse evidently worn out with its mad gallop. Not a hundred yards was between him and the three men.

Suddenly the rider swayed to one side and fell heavily to the earth, lying quite motionless. The horse, freed of his burden, dashed onward. "Catch him—and hold your position!" was Santerra's command to the Mexicans, while he, Fritz and Dick rode out to the man lying motionless.

Santerra and Dick dismounted. An Indian arrow still sticking in the man's back, and his clothing saturated with blood, told the story. Turning the body over, he was seen to be a Mexican, and quite dead.

As the still face was revealed in the moonlight, Santerra exclaimed "Jeronimo!" and dropped on his knees by the corpse.

"You know him, then, senor?" queried Dick.

"No, no—that is—yes, I have seen him!" replied Santerra, in an agitated voice, at the same time passing his hands over the chest of the body.

He reached his hand into an inside pocket and drew out a large pocket-book, bulging with papers, and tied about with a piece of whip-cord.

"This will tell who he may be," said he, rising hurriedly to his feet, and transferring the pocket-book to his own breast. But as he did so a card fell from it, unnoticed by him.

Leiter was still seated on his horse, looking at Santerra, and Dick quickly picked up the card, unnoticed. A glance at it in the bright moonlight, as he placed it in his pocket, showed that it was the picture of a young girl, with an inscription written beneath it.

Santerra sprang into his saddle, calling his men to advance as he did so. Then turning to Leiter he said: "The Apaches have doubtless abandoned the raid into the San Virgin valley. The flames yonder must be the posada at the ford of the Rio Saltero. This dead man," indicating the body on the ground, "evidently escaped them, and the arrow that mortally wounded him struck him as he was galloping away. They did not know it reached him, and thought he would give the alarm."

"Forward, then, to the burning posada!" said Dick, vaulting into the saddle. "Forward!" echoed Santerra, and they galloped onward.

CHAPTER III.

It was a large room, half parlor, half library, in the hacienda of Don Jose Norton. Two large bookcases, whose volumes showed that they had been bought for use and not for show, stood on opposite sides of the room, while a large table in the center of the floor, with a great bronze lamp suspended over it, displayed writing materials, as well as several newspapers and magazines. A smaller table stood near one of the two great windows opening on the courtyard, and on it were a vase of flowers and trifles of feminine fancy that showed it to be sacred to one of the gentler sex.

Dudley, still pale, but able to be upon his feet, was seated in a large easy chair by the central table, a bandage covering the wound upon his head. In a chair opposite sat Don Jose.

"Yes," said the latter, continuing the conversation, "life is pleasant here, away from the world, to me and to my daughter. My wife was of Spanish blood—one of the Herreras; they trace their descent back to the Conquistadores. And why should I leave this sunny land to dwell again in the cold North? And my daughter—hardly a woman in years—reared in this climate of the sun, how could she endure the rigors of the Northern winter?"

"That is true, Don Jose," replied Dudley; "but do you never have a longing to return to the States?"

"I got over that years ago, my dear sir," said the old man, laughing. "I was a poor man when I left my old home in Ohio, in my twenty-second year, to seek my fortune in the West. I found it in Mexico—why should I not stay here to enjoy it?"

"Papa!" cried a fresh young voice, and a young girl entered the room. Dudley's first thought was, "How beautiful!" His second was a feeling of astonishment. This girl the child of a swarthy daughter of the Herreras? There was not one feature, one characteristic, to mark her Spanish ancestry.

She was a pure blonde, of medium height, her willowy form clothed in a cool white dress, relieved with a belt of blue ribbon and a knot of narrower blue at her throat—not any of the bright colors so dear to the daughters of the South; a fair complexion, without a suspicion of yellow in it, the cheeks deepening to a rose-tint, to match the lips, that reminded Dudley of a half-open rosebud; bright, velvety blue eyes, a broad low forehead, and a coronal of bright golden hair. This was the vision that stood within the parted curtains of one of the windows opening upon the balcony running entirely around the court-yard. She stood there one instant, poised like a bird ready for flight, and then entering the room, stepped lightly to her father's side and imprinted a kiss on his cheek.

Rising with courtly grace, Don Jose presented Dudley to his daughter, whom he introduced thus: "Her name is Isolina, Mr. Dudley; but we have always called her Nina. It was her baby name—it means 'little daughter,' as you know; and though she is almost a woman, yet her size still justifies the epithet."

After excusing himself on the plea of attending to some affairs demanding his attention, he left Nina to entertain Dudley.

Aside from her beauty, there was much to charm the young American in Nina Norton. While every action was ladylike, yet there was a freshness, a *naivete* about her that rendered her doubly charming. She had heard that he was connected with railroad building; so leaning back in her father's great arm chair, she said:

"Now, Mr. Dudley, won't you tell me all about a railroad? Do you know I have never seen one?"

And so Dudley set himself to describe to her a railroad. She had seen pictures, and read of them; so he found his task a tolerably easy one. The morning passed quickly away, for there were many other things of which Nina's quick mind craved further knowledge—the telegraph—the telephone—things that are every-day necessities of American civilization, but which to her was as wondrous as they would have been to our grandsires a half a century ago, had they been told of them.

So Dudley was astonished when Don Jose returned to find that three hours had so quickly passed. The girl had evidently found the companionship pleasant, and the conversation of Dudley a welcome break in the monotony of her life, spent alone with her father and the servants.

So two more days passed quickly and pleasantly away. The party with Leiter and Dick returned, having found affairs as Santerra had predicted—the posada a heap of smouldering ruins, the inn-keeper murdered and scalped, lying in the road before it. The Indians had started homeward, and though Dick and Leiter were urgent that pursuit should be continued, yet the Mexicans murmured, and Santerra yielded to their objections. So the party returned, and Leiter and Dick were once more quartered at the posada in Apizaco. Don Jose had insisted that they should be his guests at the hacienda, but the frontiersman would not do so, and Leiter compromised the matter by spending the warm afternoons there, his mornings being devoted to his favorite pursuit of collecting botanical and entomological specimens.

Dick was sitting one afternoon, smoking a cigarito, the Mexican cigarette, rolled in a thin corn-husk instead of paper, reflectively examining the card photograph he had secured the night of the raid. It was that of a little girl—a bright, beauteous, childish face. Beneath was written:

"Lillian on her sixth birthday. W. G. H."

On the back of the card was the printed address of a photographer in Sacramento City.

The pretty child's face looking frankly into his, strangely attracted Dick. He fell to musing over the affair. He had seen Don Diego since their return, and had asked him what he had learned of the identity of the dead man; but the latter had airily evaded the question. He had, however, Dick knew, had the unknown decently buried, and a heap of stones piled upon the grave to prevent the incursions of wolves.

But while he sat in the common room of the posada, smoking and gazing on the picture, thinking over the subject, a guttural exclamation aroused him.

An old Indian, one of those residing in the pueblo on the banks of the river below the village, was standing over him, gazing at the picture in astonishment.

"The daughter of the Sun!" exclaimed he in Spanish.

"What's the matter, Pacheco?" demanded Dick, turning upon him, astonished—for though the Indians, many of them, knew Spanish well, and all can understand it, they will never speak it if it possible to avoid it. They will talk their native Otomi or Mazahua, and often compel the services of an interpreter, to avoid speaking the hated tongue of the conquerors.

"Did you ever see this before?" demanded Dick.

The Indian made a gesture of assent.

"Where? tell me all you know about it!" demanded Ryder, for this deepened the mystery that was puzzling him.

Pacheco shrugged his shoulders and kept silent.

"Who is it?" asked Dick.

The Indian made no answer, but stolidly turned and left the room.

Ryder was perplexed. This child—why was she called the "Daughter of the Sun?" What did it mean? It was an Indian, too, that had the picture, and the package of papers now in the possession of Don Diego. The more he revolved the mystery in his mind the more perplexed he became. So he started on his horse to visit Dudley and tell the story.

As he trotted through the Indian pueblo, he caught a glimpse of old Pacheco watching him, in company with two or three others; and the thought flashed over him that there might be possible danger for him of a shot in the back or a stealthy knife-thrust, on account of this mysterious picture. He dismissed the thought, however, as he always went armed, and their stay would be terminated in a day or two, at farthest—Dudley being able to ride, and Fritz urging that they travel onward.

When he reached the hacienda, he found Dudley and Nina in the court yard, ready to mount their horses for an evening ride.

"Miss Norton, this is Mr. Ryder," said Dudley, as Dick, who had not yet seen Nina, came up.

Dick bowed shyly; for the frontiersman, cool and collected in the face of danger, was not accustomed to the society of ladies above the grade of a pretty *poblana* of a Mexican peasant village, or the dusky maidens of Indian blood.

Nina received him pleasantly and graciously, and as she looked frankly up into his eyes he started as at a vague recollection. Her hat had dropped off, and the breeze had ruffled her golden hair until the little stray rings stood out like an aureole about her brow. Where had he seen that exact position—that quaint expression of a rosebud mouth—that clear, fearless, confiding gaze? He puzzled over it a moment—and then it flashed over him! It was the picture of the child over which he had been wondering!

Nina was "the daughter of the Sun"!

Just then the horses were brought. The one that Nina was to ride was the animal that had borne the flying Indian from the Apaches the night of the raid—a splendid black, which Nina had fancied, and which her father had obtained for her from the Mexicans who had caught him. But his eye had in it an untamed look that made Dick watch him attentively as his fair mistress sprang lightly on his back. She was a splendid horsewoman, and Dick felt satisfied in a moment that she could control the fiery beast.

The two rode off, Dick declining to accompany them. "Two's company, and three's a crowd," muttered he, as he again mounted, and took the trail to the river. Reaching the valley, he followed the course of the stream, knowing that he would thus meet Fritz, who had gone on a botanizing tour.

He had walked his horse a couple of miles along the trail through the wooded valley when a woman's scream broke on his ear. He struck spurs into his horse's sides, and pushed along rapidly.

He reached a bend in the valley where it opened into a wide water-meadow, devoid of trees.

He beheld Nina, seated on her horse, but her arms bound with a lariat, with the ends of which a Mexican was busy lashing her securely to the saddle. She saw Dick, and shrieked to him for help. Dudley was not to be seen. What had happened to him?

The Mexican saw him also, and springing on his own horse, grasped the bridle-rein of Nina's black, and urged both into a gallop.

Dick, furious with anger, lifted his rifle and fired. The ball struck the Mexican in the arm; he dropped the black's bridle-rein with a scream of pain, and using his spurs, galloped rapidly down the river.

The black, with a triumphant neigh at finding himself free, kicked up his heels, and set off at a wild gallop.

With a curse at his own stupidity, Dick urged his horse forward, and followed the black up the slope to the level of the plateau. The horse, with his helpless burden, was flying across the plain, making a direct line for the distant gap. It was plain that he was making for his former home, wherever that might be.

Where was Dudley? And Fritz? There was nothing for it but to follow and rescue Nina; but Dick saw, with dismay, that the black was slowly but surely increasing the distance that separated them!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

HOW A PEN ION IS PAID.

The Appalling Amount of Red Tape Necessary to Do Anything.

The pension must first be found to be all right by the appropriate evidence, which is compared with the muster rolls and the records in the war department. It goes through a number of hands, and if found all right a requisition is made upon the treasury for it. This requisition for its payment must go through thirteen bureaus before it can be paid.

In the first place there must be a fund appropriated by Congress for the payment of the class to which it belongs, and the appropriation must be available before the requisition will be made. Then it must be drawn up and signed by the commissioner of pensions. From him it goes to the secretary of the interior, who signs it and sends it to the comptroller of the treasury. The second comptroller signs it and sends it to the third auditor, who looks it over and passes it on to the warrant division. From there it goes to the register of the treasury, who in turn examines it and hands it over to the division of accounts.

If it passes here all right it is then presented to the United States treasurer for his signature. Having been signed it goes back to the division of accounts to be registered, then to the register of the treasury for his signature, and then to the division of accounts for mailing to the depository of the pension agent who is to pay the claim, and another note must be sent informing the agent that the money is placed to his credit here for its payment. This is the *modus operandi* for every pension claim that is granted, whether it be for $100 a week, as in the case of the wives of dead Presidents, or $1 a month for the end of a finger.

Its Legal Aspect.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said a young lady at a church fair, "I want your help for a moment."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Smith, "what can I do for you?"

"I have just sold a tidy for fifteen dollars that cost fifteen cents, and I want you to tell me what percentage that is."

"A transaction of that kind, my dear Miss B.," said Mr. Smith, who is a lawyer, "gets out of percentage and into larceny."

The British navy estimates for 1886 are £12,396,500. This is intended to meet ordinary expenses, and to provide for the construction of 73 new vessels, including eleven ironclads.

Humor.

AN ESSAY ON BUTTER-MAKING.

Bill Nye Writes Learnedly on this Particular Fine Art.

Butter is the mature fruit of the full-blown cow. It is the greatest effort of her life. The cow toils not, neither does she spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory could not best her on hand-made, or rather milkmaid, butter. This subtle joke I have repaired and newly upholstered for use during the winter.

Butter comes from the cow in a liquid state. It is quite a trick to win her confidence so that she will yield it up to a total stranger. I once sought to woo the lacteal fluid from the milk retort of a large speckled cow to whom I was a comparative stranger. She wasn't one of those blooded cows that look as though they have been cut out of a sheet of paper with a pair of scissors. She was a low cow, with coarse instincts, born in obscurity.

Her brow was low, but she wore her tail high and she was haughty—oh, so haughty. The young man who had hitherto acquired the milk from this cow desired one evening to hie him away to a neighboring village, where he might trip the light bombastic toe till the wee sma' hours anent the twa.' (Quotation from a poet who was a poor speller.) He wanted me to milk his large, speckled plebian cow, and I said I would. The movement was certainly ill-advised. I undertook to do as I had agreed, but failed. From the moment I entered her stall and made a common-place remark to her, I knew our acquaintance would not lead to a warm attachment. Somehow I felt constrained and uneasy in her society from the moment we met un il loving friends pulled me through the stable window and brought me back to consciousness. I shall never undertake to milk a strange cow again until the sign is right. So far the sign has not been right.

I might be sent on a polar expedition and get stranded on an iceberg, with no other alternative but to milk a cow or eat an old friend, but I should hate to tackle the cow unless the friend was a very old friend, indeed.

Butter is produced by expunging the juice from a rare and costly chemical known as cream. Cream is the bead on the milk. Milk is known as dry and extra dry. A good milkman will always ask you whether you want your milk wet or otherwise.

An old well digger named Grady told me about going over into Southern Indiana at one time to dig a well for a man named Withum. Withum was said to be very close. He was the most contiguous man in Indiana. His wife used to skim the milk on one side and then turn it over and skim the bubbles off. It was a constant struggle between Withum and his wife to see who would be the meaner.

The first day that Grady was there they had a round ball of butter about as big as a lemon and as hard as Pharaoh's heart. The butter knife had a handle that would turn every time any one tried to get a lick at the butter, and the little round ball would flop over on the other side and smile. Now and then a hired man would reach over with his own knife and make a slash at the butter, but the butter, confident of its own strength, would tip over with a dull thud, and the man would heave a sigh and give it up. Then another farm hand would make a wild dash at it, but burst into tears and quit. Finally Grady, who had watched this performance several days, jabbed his fork down through the middle of the yellow chunk, and successfully cut it in two. In the center was a small, solid wooden top. "There," says Grady, "I've found out what the blamed thing is wound on, anyhow."

A TEXAS OTHELLO.

Pulling His Wife's Teeth Because of Jealousy.

One night last week the door bell of a Dallas dentist was violently wrenched.

Dr. Armstrong, which was the name of the dentist, opened the door, and saw before him a well-dressed, middle-aged colored man, ten shades darker than the ace of spades, leaning on whose arm was a light mahogany colored female, who appeared to be busy shedding tears, and stifling emotions with a handkerchief.

"Doctor, please 'scuse me from disturbin' ye at dis onseasonable hour ob de night, but his heah lady am sufferin' to hab some teef drawed, an' I'se willin' ter pay yer for yer labor.'

As the dentist was a kind hearted man, who was glad of an opportunity to relieve human suffering, he conducted the couple into his dental arena.

"Perhaps there is no occasion to extract the teeth. I can put something into the cavities to deaden the pain."

"Yes, sah, dar am de wust kind ob 'cessity to yank dem teef out. I don't wan' no choleraform or udder druggeries 'bout dis heah bizness ter deaden de pain. De mouh pain de better. I don't want dem ar teef pulled out quick. I wants yer ter sorter wrench dem out slow, like de hoofs ob a stalled horse being pulled outen de mud. I'se got de money ter pay yer fur de labor. Take yer time, doctor, an' if it takes yer half an hour I kin stand it."

"I doan want no teef pulled. My teef-ache am done better," exclaimed the gingerbread colored female.

"What is the meaning of all this nonsense?" asked the doctor, laying down an instrument in shape something like a monkey-wrench.

"You wants some 'splanations, does yer? Dis heah gal am my wife. Yes, sah, she am my wife, sich as she am. Dis heah afternoon she kep' a holdin' on to her jaw, sayin' dat her teef ached, and she had to go to a dentis', so off she went, leabin' me at home to cook de supper. I 'lowed I smell a mice, so I follered her up."

"I did hab de toofache den," moaned the unhappy wife.

"Yer did, did yer, Matildy? I 'spose dat ar bandy-legged, goggle-eyed, lantern-jawed, yallar-faced barber, what smells like a

Poetry.

For the Blade.

NOTHING LOST.

BY L. D. BAXTER.

A thousand beautiful things are sleeping
Down in the dark earth under the snow,
There in her chambers the flowers she's keeping,
Till the spring shall bid them to bud and blow.
There are the germs of the bending grasses
That perished in autumn by cold and frost,
Covered from winter amid the passes,
But spring shall revive them—they are not lost.

The star that has passed from our earthly seeing
Has gone to lighter another sky,
There to be cherished, to reappear in being;
The passed from sight, but is gone not die.
The dew that we see all warm on the flowers
Rises at once, though by us unseen,
Becomes a cloud with its spreading showers,
And it lives in the verdure of valleys green.

The friends that have passed from our earthly keeping
Are carried away from the storms that beat,
Calmly their rest to gain the sleeping,
For weary and grown the pilgrim feet.
You love them and you would not forget them,
You've watered with tears each dear one's bed;
Lift your sad eyes, do not regret them,
In a fairer land these flowers shall bloom.

There's waiting host of all we've buried
Low in the populous loam of earth,
Their spirits above have angels carried,
And they'll rise again in a nobler birth.
They have gone and will with the turf above them,
Their eyes grow dark and the hands are crossed;
So we left our treasures with One that loves them,
They are in God's keeping—they are not lost.

Cowego, Kan.

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do:
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let him through.
There isn't a point of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is striking the fair drought that pales the heart and cheek,
And lands the sire in a drunkard's grave, and the child in the gutter weak?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't an invention now? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who digs the steps of the trembling saint and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever the wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil always did?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion,
But who is the fiend held responsible for the everlasting ruin
That comes to the home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow known,
How the Devil looks, and what constitutes the charge of a single day
That the Devil is not expected to own, and, of course, that we can't do without?
For when the Devil would like to know who carries his business on.

Recent Literature.

From Brown, Taggr & Co.

CONSUMPTION. Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure. By J. H. Kitchen, M. D. Price 50 cents. 8vo. pp. 75. New York.

There is no disease which claims more victims than the one treated of in the book before us, and therefore it is natural that one treating of its causes and cure would attract the attention of many. This volume begins with a description of the nature of consumption, its symptoms and cause, and then discusses the best methods of treatment. It will undoubtedly find many readers.

THE HEROES, OR GREEK FAIRY TALES. By Charles Kingsley. Macmillan & Co., New York and London. Price 50 cents.

This little volume is one, the object of which is to introduce the names and stories of the old Greeks to the children in a way to fix them in the memory. The name of the author is a guaranty of the success of his work. The style is simple and yet beautiful, and renders these old tales extremely attractive.

EGYPT AND BABYLON. From Sacred and Profane Sources. By George Rawlinson, M. A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.50.

The author of this volume has traced the prophecies through the Bible concerning these ancient places, and has also followed all through profane history. He shows that their fate has been literally what it was declared should overtake them. The work is well written and interesting.

"I SAY NO," or The Love Letter Answered. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Moonstone," etc. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Wilkie Collins' style is too well known to need anything beyond the brief mention of his work. The plot of the present volume is as full as usual of characteristics, and its working out will be followed with interest from beginning to end. It is a story of love, sorrow, tragedy and a happy ending of the troubles of the hero and heroine.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE AS RELATED IN HER LETTERS AND JOURNALS. Arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. With Illustrations. In three volumes. Harper Brothers, New York.

It will be impossible to take up this work without anticipations of keen pleasure. The wonderful genius of George Eliot has made her name a household word upon both continents, and all relating to her is of the greatest interest. In these three volumes is the story of her life, of its inner workings so far as they are revealed by letters and journals written by herself or her friends. They have been gathered together and arranged by one who knew and loved her, and must therefore be a reflection of herself as much as such things can be. Space cannot be given here for a long and careful review, but it is not too much to say that the readers of "George Eliot" will be sure to purchase these volumes in order to learn the final thoughts of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, writers of fiction the world ever saw.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS. Edited by Edward T. Mason. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.50

This volume includes sketches of Rogers, Southey, Landor, Moore, Byron, Shelley and Keats, an array of names that are full of strong attractions. The easy, familiar style in which these authors are talked about renders the book most pleasant reading. Like its predecessor, it is made up of personal recollections of the colemporaries of the person written of, and for this reason a fair portrait of his characteristics is afforded.

POPULAR MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Containing Outlines of the Literature of Germany, Italy, Spain and the United States of America, Historical, Scientific and Art Notes. By Maude Odiette P. Ellis. In two volumes. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The title of this work shows its scope and character. The author says it was arranged for the purpose of serving three practical ends. As a School Manual; as a Guide to the General Reader; as a Book of Reference. A great deal of care has evidently been given to its preparation. The arrangement and classification is methodical and convenient for all the purposes specified. In fact it is as named, a manual for the purpose of giving sought-for information rather than for pleasant entertainment, and in that view valuable.

THE BITTER FATE. A sequel to "The Changed Brides." By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 400 pp., 75 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This is one of Mrs. Southworth's works, and will prove very acceptable to her myriad constituency of readers.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just made a large reduction in the retail price of all their popular clothbound publications, including the well-known and popular books written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. Caroline A. Warfield, Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, Alexander Dumas, and their several well-known and standard cook books by Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale, and others.

THE CHARGE OF THE 8TH PENNA. CAVALRY AT CHANCELLORSVILLE. By Gen. Pennock Huey, Comdg. 2d Brig., 2d Div., 5th Corps. Second Edition. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

This is a plain, concise, well written statement of the facts about a small regiment of cavalry that, in passing from one part of the battlefield to another, came unexpectedly upon Jackson's advancing veteran infantry. Both sides were surprised, but the troopers promptly drew sabers, and with a ringing cheer boldly rode down the plank road, in column of fours, into the crowd of rebels advancing upon it. It was a hopeless dash from the start, but its sudden audacity and vigor checked the rebel advance for a few moments, gained time, as well as opened a way for the regiment of cavalry to escape from the trap they were in. It also gives a graphic account of the artillery fight at Hazel Grove, that, unsupported, stopped the advance of the right of Jackson's advance Saturday night at that point. The story reads like a romance, but is supported by official documents, with testimony of eye-witnesses, so there can be no question as to its correctness. This charge was among the bold dashes of the war. The facts about its execution have been misunderstood and misrepresented. To give the true story and correct facts is the purpose of the book. The first edition attracted much attention from military men and writers, meeting the approval of those acquainted with and able to judge of its correctness. This edition has been enlarged and improved. We commend it heartily to all interested in war literature, and say farther that it should have a wide circulation.

THE CRIME OF CHRISTMAS DAY. A Tale of the Latin Quarter. By the author of "My Guests and My Daughter." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A novel, the scene of which is laid in Paris, although it is by no means what is known as a "French novel." It is pleasant reading for an idle hour.

BELDEN, OR THE IRON HAND. By F. Warden, author of "The House in the Marsh," etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Miss Warden has sprung at once into a leading position among the younger and fresher school of English novelists. "Belden" is a better novel than either of her previous works—which is saying a great deal. The plot is more intricate, the situations more powerful, and the authoress shows a stronger and more practiced hand. It is one of the best stories we have read for a long time.

THE ART AMATEUR.

The Art Amateur for March opens with a fac-simile of the etching by Waltner of Rembrandt's famous "Gilder," which was lately sold for the large sum of $40,000. The other illustrations are all excellent, while the illustrated supplement has abundant attractions. The reading matter is fully up to the standard, giving all the latest and most beautiful devices for home adornment. Published by Montagus Marks, 23 Union Square, New York.

THE DORCAS MAGAZINE.

The March number will give pronounced satisfaction to its numerous lady readers. It contains a great deal of information in regard to knitting and crochet, as well as woman's handiwork generally. The number is copiously illustrated. Published at 872 Broadway, New York.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The March number of the *Magazine of American History* is filled with choice reading. It opens with a graphic account of "The Fortunates of Yorkshire and Virginia," from the pen of Rev. Richard Wheatley, D. D., admirably illustrated with portraits and homes. The most notable feature is that of Lord Fairfax, the great general of the Cromwell period, on horseback; and the home that will attract the most notice is Steeton Hall, the original mansion of the family—six or more centuries old. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The following pamphlets have been received:

The Spanish Treaty. Opposed to Tariff Reform. This is the report of a Committee of Inquiry appointed by the New York Free Trade Club, for whom it is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Papers of the American Historical association. Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. I. The first number is a report of the organization and proceedings of the association at Saratoga in September, 1884, by Herbert B. Adams, secretary. The second is a paper read there on "Studies in General History and the History of Civilization, by Andrew D. White, president of the association." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price 50 cents each.

HOW A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES SAVED HIMSELF.

A Short and Effective Way Out of a Trouble.

Mr. George Ollertson, of Toledo, is a gentleman of a great deal of merit and of very small means. Were his means equivalent to his merit this truthful history would never have been written. But they were not. With a figure of an Apollo and the intellect of a Byron, Mr. George Ollerson was as impecunious as a man could well be, and was struggling along in life on a salary of perhaps not more than $699 per annum. It was awful. To keep up any decent appearance in society his clothes cost that amount per annum, and there was nothing left for him to meet his laundry, or for that matter his board bill. He managed, occasionally, to attend a ball, and on those occasions was at the expense of gloves and carringes and things of that nature. But his bosom was always wrung by the terrible reflection that the next morning its would have to meet the fearful frown of his landlady, and the jeers of his less fashionable, but more prompt-paying, fellow boarders.

Impecuniosity and the disposition to spend money which he had not, put lead upon his feet when mingling in the mazy dance, and poison in his cup of coffee at the table. Poverty was the ghost that tormented him.

Many and peculiar were the devices that the wretched young man resorted to to get along. A system of false fronts, of collars and cuffs, and washing his own handkerchiefs and stockings in his room, enabled him to do with very little laundry. It was of him that the poetic boarder, who was of a soured and misanthropic turn of mind, wrote this little verse:

"Judge not, oh man, by feeble sense,
Twixt cleanliness and dirt;
The base front's oft the Providence
That hides the unclean shirt."

As for board, he never paid it at all. Mrs. Ambergris, his landlady, was a comfortable old being of 50, very large but very soft. She weighed at least 200 pounds, and had the comfortable appearance that would lead one to suppose that she, in secret, had devoured all the food that her victims had been defrauded of. But she was not a hard woman, or an unmerciful. She knew that young Ollertson had a very small income, and that his tastes and aspirations were as lofty as his means were small. But he was a gentlemanly-appearing being, and she was electrified by all of its inches. Besides, for she owned the house she lived in, and there was no mortgage on it. So when the other boarders were snubbing and jeering the poor fellow, she invariably took his part, and when he would beg for more time, she never could resist his entreaties. And so he lived and run in debt.

Itself his account for board and extras reached the enormous sum, for him, of six hundred dollars. Mrs. Ambergris had a large plumber's bill to pay, as a pipe had burst which required a complete overhauling of all the pipes in the house, and she felt that the time had come when Mr. Ollertson should come to the rescue. She had been very accommodating to him, and he had promised well, but what saith the Oriental Poet: "Promises are sweet, but they won't pay the plumber." So she sent for Mr. Ollertson, and in the most definite and icy manner presented his account, with a frigid demand for immediate payment.

"I cannot pay it, Mrs. Ambergris," was the young man's prompt answer.

"Then I shall have to attach your clothes," was her cold reply.

"What good would that do you?" was his rejoinder. "You cannot wear my clothes, and I don't think one second hand dress suit, four pairs of socks, much worn, and three shirts would go very far toward paying $600. No, Mrs. Ambergris, better let me have more time. I am expecting an advance of salary next year, and will get it sooner if the times improve. Be patient, and I will pay you all."

"I have been patient for a long time, George, and I must have my money. I shall collect it at the best I can, and hereafter you must pay in advance or get out. I can't stand this any longer."

The poor young man pondered. He could not leave the house, for where else could he get board on credit? He could not pay, for the excellent reason that he hadn't a cent, and there was no one in this wide and cruel world who would lend him a dollar. And he couldn't borrow what good was it? He would have to pay, some time, if was a radical cure he wanted, not a palliative.

A bright idea struck him.

"Mrs. Ambergris, there is only one way that I know of that this debt can be settled."

"Mention it," replied Mrs. Ambergris, "for it must be settled."

"Mrs. Ambergris, you are a lone woman. Gravy and mutton hash have left their imprint upon your brow, and the worry of non-paying boarders, of whom I am not the least, have made their cruel mark. I will relieve you of this care, and take the trouble of carving, and buying, and collecting, and so forth, off your hands. Mrs. Ambergris, become Mrs. Ollertson, and make your boarder happy. Then will the debt be paid—then will my future, which is now dark and gloomy, be assured."

"Do you love me, then, George?"

"Love you! Do I love you? Oh, Clementina, have you not always known it? I have lain awake nights, thinking of you. But think of sitting in your little parlor, in quiet, while I rush out and capture the intending absconder! Think of my going to market and selecting the ancient roosters, and steaks from just behind the horns! Ah! I long to be at it. I hate these boarders."

It is unnecessary to continue. Mrs. Ambergris fell into his arms, they were married that afternoon, and the little hall bedroom on the fourth floor received another boarder.

The boarders were divided in opinion concerning the transaction. Some held that it was a cute trick of Mr. Ollertson to settle his board bill by marrying his landlady. Others held that Mrs. Ambergris had long pined for him and that she let the bill run as it did that she might have him in her power and compel him to do what he did.

It makes no differ to him, however. He sits at the head of the table, and the way he persecutes those who presented him is wonderful. What frightfully tough steaks he gives them, and how small and unsatisfactory are the portions they receive! He has power and he uses it. But having no board to pay he is happy, for in addition to his board and clothes, his wife, who is madly in love with him, gives him a very handsome allowance, and he appears on the street in very good shape indeed. And so all is well, for it ended well.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

Styles for Certain Occasions---Favorite Colors for Street and Dress Wear---Gauntlets and Mittens for Heavy Weather.

"Well shod and well gloved," says French authority on fashion, and you may wear old clothes with impunity. No matter how well dressed you are, if your hands lack the final touch, you are not complete, and, at an evening party if your glove splits, as it sometimes does, you feel to an unerring certainty that no correctness on the part of your "swallowtail" can atone for the blood-red hand which shows erubescent through the fatal gap. To be in the height of the fashion just now, you must, at evening parties, dispense with gloves, which we considered essential elements for street wear, and certainly a well-gloved hand in contrast with a snowy cuff, inspires a tone to the entire man, and is decidedly indispensable in ideas of fitness. The glove creed, as formulated according to present fashion, is as follows:

1. A glove to look well, must fit well, which it does not do if it is so small that the wearer cannot straighten out the entire hand. Ladies will please note.

2. To be in the height of the fashion, the lady's full dress glove must have two buttons on the wrist and be closed up the elbow without button, lace or other fastening. This is the "Mosquetaire" or "Bernhardt" glove. It has superseded the lace-up style, as the little buttons of the latter were apt to catch in delicate lace fabrics and injure them.

3. The color must be appropriate. Very little white is worn for evening dress, the colors most in vogue being pearl gray, "ashes of roses," lavendar and very pale yellow.

Fashions in gloves vary little except in two ways, their length and manner of ornamentation. In the latter, the present style is very heavy embroidery on the back, not only for gentlemen's gloves but for ladies'. This is done in England almost entirely by hand, but in this country sewing machines are so much used and so well adapted to this work that they entirely supersede hand-embroidery. The fashioning of the glove of 40 years ago was the time-honored hook and eye and, after all, when these were once thoroughly and tightly sewed on, made a better fastening than most of the contrivances which, from time, have had their little say and proved unsatisfactory. A fortune awaits the man who will invent and patent a cheap, strong, simple fastening for gloves.

There is a very absurd notion prevailing that ratskins are largely used in glove manufacture. As a rule, the skin of a rat is not large enough to make a glove. The kid glove is really made of kid leather. Nothing has ever been found equal to it for texture, elasticity and other qualities necessary to a glove. The mouse-colored gauntlets worn by ladies, and which are called "castors," are made of antelope skin, and, from fro n their thickness, are very durable.

The season, of course, affects the glove market very materially, winter being the glover's harvest. In summer the various fabrics, other than kid, in some measure take its place, Lisle thread, cotton and lace mitts. Winter is the time for variety; cross kids for ball, opera and concert; lined gloves for street wear, which must look neat, and still be warm, and the great array of substantial sheep-skin gloves, for use by men who are subjected to unusual exposure, such as street car, omnibus and hack drivers, while the mitten, with its private apartment for the thumb and a common room for the rest of the fingers, finds ready sale among farmers and boaters. The sheep-skin mitten, now so popular, was originally made for farmers to use in binding grain, but has now a large sale among men of other pursuits. It is a cheap, comfortable, warm hand covering.

The gauntlet has a history of its own, running away back to the time of the Pyramids, and the first known mention of a covering for the hands is the passage of Scripture telling how Rebecca covered the hands of her favorite Jacob and thus enabled him to take in the old patriarch father and deprive Esau of his inheritance. History abounds with reformers to the gauntlet. In the "trial by battle," the gauntlet was thrown down as a token of defiance to combat, and picking it up was the acceptance thereof. The shape of the gauntlet, its length and form, mark it as intended for defense against the small sword of foil just as the basket hilt is. The glove and the mitten too, have their poetic side, the treasured, dainty bit of kid which the lover finches and hides; the mitten which the young lady figuratively gives one whose attentions she no longer tolerates; the gentle touch in the face which challenges the recreant to the field of honor.

Gentlemen of pugilistic proclivities are deeply interested in the glove question. John L. Sullivan is an authority on the kind he most effects, and is understood to preserve those in which he has won his several contests as an Indian keeps the scalps of his enemies. The boxing glove is stuffed with curled hair, and can be made of such a degree of softness as will render it nearly as effective as a slung shot, or can be so loosely stuffed as to yield itself to an opposing nose without drawing blood. Their cost is anywhere from $2 to $10, and, of late, they are in good demand, though their sale falls far behind that of the roller skate.

White gloves are not so popular here as in England. There they are worn even in the streets. Tan color is the favorite with us, and black is always in fashion. When a black glove begins to go, its virtue is gone at once. No dye can restore either its color or its gloss. The former is sure to rub off, and the best of glove dealers and dyers warrant other colors, but not black.

It is a noticeable fact that people never use the gloves of opposite hands, so that two successive losses of gloves will never leave a pair. This new law never known to be violated. Scientists have studied on the reason, but in that respect nature is inscrutible.

THE DREADED MASSASSAUGA.

An Adventure of a Muskrat Trapper with Snakes in a Swamp Where the Court House Park is Located.

Toledo Daily Blade.

Many years ago the ground which is now the court-house park was a swamp that was overgrown with weeds and swamp grass, among which muskrats built their nests, and it was a favorite place for muskrat catchers to set their traps. Snakes were also numerous in the swamps, among them being the villainous looking massassauga. Many exaggerated stories were related by the trappers of attacks made upon them by snakes. Jim C. never wanted in giving what he was pleased to term solid facts about the snakes. Said he: I started one day to look after my traps. I had on a large pair of rubber boots that came up to my waist, almost. When I got into the middle of the swamp, I felt a pecking at my boots. It seemed as if hundreds of little pebbles were being tossed against them. At length I cast my eyes toward my feet and I was paralyzed by what I saw. About 50 of the most repulsive and dreadful looking massassaugas I ever saw were at my feet. Their tongues were darting out like lightning, and their eyes sparkled with rage. I tramped about a dozen of them to death, but for every one I killed a dozen more seemed to come. At last I ran for my life and was glad when I reached a place of safety. I was afraid that I had been bitten by the 'saugers, and as whisky is good for snake bites, I drank nearly a pint as soon as I could get it."

A friend of C's who heard him tell the story, asked him how long ago it was that he had the adventure.

"O," was the reply, "that was in 1832."

"But," said his friend, "there were no rubber boots in those days. How did you happen to have a pair?"

"That's none of your business; I had a pair, and that's enough for me to know," he retorted in an angry mood.

"Well," said his friend, "perhaps the snakes did bite you; and perhaps you had the rubber boots on one thing I am pretty certain of, and that is, that you drank the whisky; and from the quantity of whisky you yet drink it is fair to suppose you think the 'saugers are yet biting you."

An Anecdote of Gen. Kilpatrick.

The late Gen. Judson Kilpatrick used to relate this story at his own expense: Soon after the announcement in the newspapers that he had been appointed minister to Chili, Gen. Kilpatrick was met by an old lady who had known him from childhood, and to whose bucolic mind the gallant general's large way of relating some things had some times seemed like exaggeration. "Well, Jud," she said, "I hear that you have been called to the ministry. Glad to hear it. You'll make a real good preacher; but (solemnly), Jud, you must stop lying."

A BIT OF REAL LIFE.

A Story That is True, and But Illustrates a Serious Fact.

The capitalist was sitting in his library after dinner, having retired to that comfortable apartment to enjoy the cigar with which he would not profane the drawing-room atmosphere. To him presently came his wife, a pleasant, matronly woman, not far from his own age, and handsomely dressed as became the wife of a millionaire. There was nothing extraordinary about this couple. They were simply rich Americans, quiet, unpretentious people, who lived handsomely, went to church on Sunday, and endeavored to bring up their children in a common-sense way.

They were on excellent terms with each other, being of domestic tastes, and neither had ever contemplated proceedings for divorce. In short, they were, with the sole exception of being somewhat richer than the average, very creditable specimens of the great majority of well-to-do Americans who do not get into the newspapers.

The capitalist laid down his paper as the lady entered. Really, to judge from his eyes, one would have said he was rather glad to see her. As for her, she evidently had "something on her mind," and her husband for the time being was of secondary importance.

Sitting down she shaded her eyes from the fire. "John," she said, "I am troubled about Margaret."

"So am I," said John. "Was thinking about her to-day."

"Is there anything that can be done to make her life pleasanter than it promises to be after she is married?"

"Well—yes, I think there is," and then he proceeded to detail a plan which so thoroughly coincided with his wife's views that she actually—forty-five as she was—went over to him and kissed him.

"That's a good boy!" she said. "Margaret's 'man' must soon be here for his usual evening visit. I'll give orders to have him brought up and you can talk to him."

After giving the necessary directions, she went back to the sitting room. Presently a heavy tread was heard in the passage way, and a big, sturdy man was ushered into the library by an exceptionally neat and trusty-looking maid.

The capitalist rose and shook hands with his somewhat abashed visitor. "Thank you, Margaret," he said to the woman, "I'll ring presently. I want to talk a little business with Mr. Brown. You may shut the door so that we shall not be interrupted."

Margaret blushingly retired, wondering greatly in her honest heart what the "business" might be, and resolving that she would make Tom tell her directly the interview was over.

"Well, Brown," began the capitalist, after giving his visitor a chair, on which he sat as it it were the most uncomfortable piece of furniture in existence. "Well, Brown, you know Margaret has been with us now going on fifteen years, and though we are very sorry to part with her, we are glad to know she is going to marry a man who will make her a good husband. I don't doubt you are that kind of a man, but being a good husband isn't everything. You want to get on in the world and make a good home for you both to pass a comfortable old age in. Now you're a bricklayer, I believe. I don't suppose you get more than three doliars a day, and that only in busy times. Margaret says you have rented rooms in a tenement house in Avenue A.

"That's all right, and I don't doubt you will be very happy there for awhile, but five years hence perhaps there will be three or four children, and you will still be earning three dollars a day part of the time and nothing at all the rest. You will, in all human probability, be a poor laboring man all your days. Her life and your life will be spent in a crowded tenement; your children will at best have but a poor chance to rise in the world, and they will have no end of chances to fall—no matter whether they are boys or girls.

"Now, I propose to give you a show to do better—to become a leading man in the town, to have a good home of your own instead of paying rent in a tenement, to have fresh air to breathe, and opportunities, if you are industrious and enterprising, to make a fortune. I will give you and Margaret one thousand dollars if"—the capitalist paused and Brown looked up amazed; he had never thought of owning so much money at once, and the idea dazzled him—"if you will go out West to a place that I know of and build yourself a house and get a quarter-section of land.

"There is plenty of work for good bricklayers there, at higher wages than you can get here, and you will see a hundred ways in which you can save and make investments which will be sure to yield you a good return.

"Just think of it. Here, a crowded, unhealthful tenement. There, a house of your own under the blue sky. Here, no chance to do better. There, almost a certainty, with your habits and character, of laying by a comfortable fortune. Margaret will be the wife of one of the best men in town, instead of perhaps taking in washing to help along when you are out of work here.

"What do you say, Brown—will you do it?"

"Brown's eyes had lighted up, and he had straightened his shoulders instinctively as the capitalist had briefly set forth the possible contrasts in these two lines of life. But when the question was put direct he hesitated, shuffled with his feet uneasily, and at length managed to say:

"Well, sor, it's kind o' sudden like. I'd like to talk it over wid Margaret, sor, before giving an answer. It's very good o' you, sor, all the same."

"That's all right, Brown. Talk it over as much as you like till the wedding day, and then let me know your decision. The thousand dollars shall be ready for you the day you start for the West."

The wedding day came, and Margaret and her beau waited on their would-be benefactor, and, with some shamefacedness, made known their determination to stay in the city.

* * * * * * *

The conversation, substantially as reported, actually took place some six years ago. Since then Mr. and Mrs. Brown have moved every first of May from one tenement to another. They have three children, and Mrs. B., the neat nursemaid that was, in earning the major part of the household revenues by taking in washing, for Brown, when the cares of married life began to weigh upon him, took to ward politics and drink, and the kids are in a fair way to be in the work house, unless some most unforeseen interposition of Providence keeps them out of it.

PLEASE PASS THE PIE.

Burglars who break into grocery stores this winter complain that the pies are no longer young.

A Cincinnati editor claims to have seen a petrified girl. Somebody probably told her there was no more pie.

The place to take a "proof of the pudding" must be the "cook's galley," but pi is frequently found in the "composition" room.

"Promises are like pie-crust, made to be broken," says the old adage, but this saying originated before railway station pie was invented.

"Promises are like pie-crust, made to be broken," says the old adage. The man who originated that saw evidently never tackled a boarding-house pie.

"I didn't dream you were going to have mince pie for dinner," said Crimsonbeak to his wife, while enjoying his fourth piece of pie the other evening. "No, you won't dream of it until to-night," promptly replied his wife.

It is reported from New South Wales that rabbits are so numerous there that you don't have to follow the celebrated recipe for making rabbit pie—"First catch your hare"—but have to hunt around first for some one who will promise to eat the pie when it is made.

"That pie ain't sour. You needn't make a face over it," exclaimed Mrs. Sarsaper, as her husband took a bite and made a grimace like a man who had just found a shirt-button in his hash. "It was a face of joy, my dear. It is such an estimable pie that it surprised me like good news."

* * * * Delicate diseases radically cured. Consultation free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ADAM LINK.

The Last Survivor of the Heroes of the Revolutionary War.

Adam Link was born in Washington county, Maryland, Nov. 14, 1761, of poor parentage. He enlisted in the war for American independence when sixteen years of age at Wheeling, Va., serving five years in the frontier service. During this time his father, Jacob Link, was murdered by the Indians in his own house.

Adam Link a portion of the time during his service was a companion of Poe, the famous scout, whose name is historical. Of the service performed in the war by the subject of this sketch, no more is known than the fact that in personal courage he never was lacking. To quote his own words: "Whatever men may say of me, no man could ever call me a coward."

At the age of 28 years he married Elizabeth Link, a distant relative. By disposition and habit he was a rover, and his early life saw many changes of residence. He was a rugged hunter, who lived on the fruits of the chase mainly, and liked nothing better than the haunts of the wilderness.

He was a man of iron. No deprivation, hardship, or labor, seemed to tire him. At the age of 60 years he walked from Pennsylvania to his home in Ohio, a distance of 140 miles, in three days, an average of 47 miles per day. Mr. Link was always poor, never caring to lay up anything for the coming day. However, he was a hard worker—in fact could not be idle, and cleared quite a farm in Ohio. When past 70 years of age he labored severely and continually. He was careless of what he ate or drank, either in quality or quantity, a great lover of whisky, a common fault of men of his class in his day, but withal Mr. Link was generous to the last degree, ready to divide his last dram or crust with a friend, was a rough, crude specimen of the frontiersman of the last century. As years grew upon him in his lonely widowered condition, he went to live with his son-in-law, Horatio Markley, in Crawford county, with whom he spent his last years.

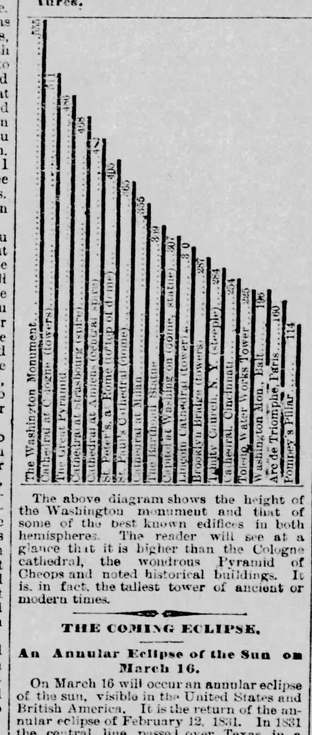
Mr. Link was often remonstrated with by Mr. Markley about his constant use of whisky; he said, in reply, "Well, if you will quit smoking I will quit whisky." Mr. M. being an inveterate smoker could not undertake this; but, after being prostrated by sickness, upon his convalescence, he says: "I have quit smoking." Never a drop of spirituous liquor passed the lips of Adam Link again, being 90 years of age. The life-long slavish habit had such a hold upon him that he was prostrated, and was so near death that all thought he must die, and all knew the remedy, and none better than the old hero himself, but no, his word had been given. He recovered and was in his last years better for it.

Mr. Link, from the days of Jefferson, was a Democrat, but his last vote was cast for the success of the Republican party.

Adam Link died near the close of the war for the Union he had helped create, on August 15, 1864, aged 102 years, 9 months and 1 day, at Sulpaur Springs, Crawford county, Ohio, and in his friends was believed to be the last survivor of the war for American Independence.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Diagrams Showing the Relative Heights of Some Famous Structures.



The above diagram shows the height of the Washington monument and that of some of the best known edifices in both hemispheres. The reader will see at a glance that it is higher than the Cologne cathedral, the wondrous Pyramid of Cheops and noted historical buildings. It is, in fact, the tallest tower of ancient or modern times.

THE COMING ECLIPSE.

An Annular Eclipse of the Sun on March 16.

On March 16 will occur an annular eclipse of the sun, visible in the United States and British America. It is the return of the annular eclipse of February 12, 1885. In 1831 the central line passed over Texas in a northeasterly direction being last visible on this continent in parts of Virginia and North Carolina. At this return the path will be much farther north. The eclipse will be annular over a line from Cape Mendocino, Cal., in latitude 40°, to Greenland, in latitude 71°. It is estimated that the eclipse will be annular over a path about 70 miles wide. The only items of consequence in the United States within this path are Eureka, California, and Bozeman, Montana. At St. Paul the eclipse will obscure five-sixths of the sun, but will not be annular. At Chicago seven-tenths of the sun will be hidden. From this city the obscuration will be somewhat less, but sufficient to render the eclipse a most interesting event.

The eclipse will be annular because the cone of the moon's shadow does not reach the earth. It will appear annual at those places nearly in the line of the point of the cone. In an annular eclipse a ring of sunlight surrounds the moon's shadow, the moon being at such a distance that it does not cover the whole of the sun's disc. Until recent years annular eclipses have been neglected by astronomers, but during the last one some very important obsevations were made by the French astronomers, and it is probable that some effort will be made to observe the coming eclipse. At all events, the partial phase which will be visible here will be carefully observed if the weather permits. The time of its occurrence is very favorable for careful observation.

Efforts will be made to photograph the eclipse during its entire progress, if the sun is not wholly obscured by clouds. The event may furnish an opportunity to determine whether the moon has anything like an atmosphere. As the sun is likely to show a number of spots of considerable extent upon the date of the eclipse, it will be observed with added interest. Telescopists who have not made glasses for solar observation will find it very interesting to throw the sun's image upon a white screen a little removed from the eye-piece of the telescope.

There will be a partial eclipse of the moon on the 30th, invisible in the United States, but visible in Asia, eastern Europe and Africa. The magnitude of the eclipse is 0.886 of the moon's diameter.

Five Natural History Facts.

All ruminant hoofed beasts have horns and cloven feet. If the hoofs are even the horns are even; if odd, as in the rhinoceros, the horns are odd, that is single or two placed one behind the other. Creatures with feathers always have beaks. Pigeons with short beaks have small feet. The long limbs of the hound are associated with a long head.

Maine Islands.

Since 1786 there have been sold to private parties 402 of the islands along the coast of Maine. They range in size from 1,000 to 18,000 acres. There are eight islands comprising from 1,000 to 5,000 acres, and 42 comprising from 100 to 900 acres. A large number of these islands are settled, having fine farms upon them; others are wooded, and still others are barren.

YOUNG MEN—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall-Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

In the United States court at Louisville, Judge Baxter, in the Knights of Honor case, decided that ex-Supreme Treasurer R. J. Breckinridge must pay $116,490.18 in cash to the court.

The Camp Fire.

Fort Blakeley—The Explosion at Mobile.

John E. Craig, Co. E, 8th Illinois, Newark, N.J.:

Fort Blakeley was a line of heavy earthworks, from three to three and a half miles from flank and flank, the Confederate right resting on Mobile bay, the left on the Tensaw or Alabama river. The works were well constructed, with embrasures for artillery every 50 or 75 yards, and the breastworks so shaped as to have not only a direct, but a cross-fire.

On their attempting its capture, our command, if I recollect right, was about in the center, and was composed of the 11th, 8th and 46th Illinois. Comrade Lewis is right when he says the 8th led in the charge, but I think he is wrong when he says that the fire became too hot for them and they had to halt. It was not the fire, although it was very heavy, but the obstacles in our way; for the first thing was a line of trees that had been cut down and drawn with the butts towards the Confederate works, and tops toward us, and every branch sharpened; and of course we had to go slow in getting through. The next obstacle after getting through the tree tops was a line of stakes driven in the ground, and left about waist high, with the tops sharpened. A few yards from the line of stakes was a wire to trip us, and last, but not least, before we came to the works, was a line of torpedoes planted in the ground.

It was hard to tell who was first in the enemy's works, for all seemed trying to be first, and the result was that we all went over to the fort about the same time. We find no fault with the Confederates' fighting qualities, for many of them stuck to their guns until we were in their works and compelled them to surrender. One man who was about to give us another shot as we were going over their works was driven from his piece while priming it, by William Henderson, Co. E, 8th Illinois. I think the number captured was about 3,400, all well clothed and with plenty of provisions.

The next day after the capture of Blakeley, we marched a few miles above, where we remained all day, and in the evening were ordered to Alabama City, at which place we arrived about midnight, and the next morning crossed the bay to take possession of Mobile. After getting in line and ready to march, the following order was given by the officer in command:

"The 8th Illinois shall take the lead on entering the city of Mobile, in honor of their bravery on the field of battle at Blakeley."

This was a surprise to me as well as many others, for we did not think we had done so much better than others in the fight. I shall never forget the shout that went up from the 8th when that order was given. After we were in the city a few weeks, the ammunition left by the enemy exploded. There was said to have been 30 tons of powder, besides other ammunition. We were then quartered in a cotton store house, about three-quarters of a mile from where the explosion occurred. Our building was nearly wrecked and the same kind of a building across the street (but between us and the explosion) was completely demolished. In the ruins were from 50 to 100 colored people, and many of them killed and wounded. I think there were about eight blocks of buildings completely demolished by the explosion, and not a pane of glass left within a mile; and in the skies of buildings that were towards the explosion within half a mile, even the sashes were broken in splinters. We formed a line around the demolished part of the city by placing guards at the corners of the streets, and then we were ordered to pick from those we found on the street, all able-bodied men and take them to assist in getting the wounded from the ruins. That was a day I shall never forget. The terrible scene of ruin and the excited people, the ambulances running from the hospitals and returning with the wounded and dying, the shells still bursting every few moments, making it very dangerous in getting the wounded from the ru

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. Questions will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The question bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or dwible bets. Questions to receive attention must be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of the editor, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

J. B., Eastern, Ind.: Write to T. W. Tall manidge, Washington, D. C.

G. E. S., Ferry, Mich.: If you will state what and to whom we should apply to get a government light house to tend.

Apply to your member of Congress, or one of your Senators.

T. C. L., Maria, Kan.:

Those tell me what is acting President of the Senate, and is appointed and how long he holds his office.

Sen. Edmunds. He was elected by the Senate, and holds his office at the pleasure of the Senate.

George B. Johnson, Wenlota, Ill., writes: "Can I learn through the BLADE of any settlements of New England people in Oregon? A settlement of temperance people from any locality would be good. I should like to correspond with any such, with a view of moving to Oregon."

J. M. S., Lotonia, O.:

Please inform me what that committee found in relation to the escape of the Lot Wright affair in Cincinnati. I have not seen it published any where, only this; they found out what they did not want to know. Please give a correct history.

As has been stated in the BLADE, there are two reports—the Democrats censuring Wright, and the Republicans exonerating him. The reports will be found in the BLADE.

A. B. R., Republic, O.: 1. What is called Monroe doctrine? 2. What was the Ashburton treaty? 3. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty?

1. It was a notice to all governments of the old world that the United States would not tolerate any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere. 2. It established the northwestern boundary of the United States from the mouth of Pigeon River, which finally caused considerable trouble with Great Britain. Daniel Webster acted for the United States, and Lord Ashburton for England. 3. That treaty provides that the United States and Canada, communications across Nicaragua or the Isthmus should be mutual in their character, and should be encouraged by both nations. It was concluded in 1850.

J. H., Center Point, Iowa:

Will the BLADE favor us with a short history of D. R. Locke (Nasby)? Is he the D. R. Locke who with J. G. Robinson, was editor and publisher of the Bugeye (Ohio) Journal?

He was born in Brockport, N. Y., in 1833; educated at a common school; learned the printer's trade in the office of the Cortland *Democrat*; was a local reporter in various Western cities; was editor and publisher of the Jeffersonian, Democratic Tribune House Democratic Standard, Plymouth, O., 1852; *Herald*, Mansfield, O.; *Journal*, Bucyrus, O.; and Bellefontaine *Republican*, and *Jeffersonian*, Findlay, O., in which he commenced his "Nasby" letters in 1861. He is connected with the Toledo *Commercial*, which was founded in 1865, as the paper on which he now writes. He is a prolific writer, and has published a number of books, among which are "Nasby in Exile," "Nasby in Canada," "Nasby in Dixie," "Nasby Letters," "Ekkoes from Kentucky," "Swingin' Round the Circle," "Divers Views, Opinions and Prophesies of Petroleum V. Nasby," "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby," "Nasby in Confederate Lines," "Nasby in Texas," "Nasby in Missouri," "Nasby in Kentucky," "Nasby in Virginia," "Nasby in Washington," "Nasby in Ireland," "Nasby in Egypt," "Nasby in Africa," "Nasby in Europe," "Nasby in Asia

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PUBLISHERS. | EDITOR.

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THE BLADE'S VALUE.

There has never been a newspaper published in America that possesses the admiration, esteem and hearty good-will of its subscribers to the degree that the BLADE possesses them. Its enormous family of readers look to it for instruction, for information, and for advice. It is read from the first to the last page with unabated interest, advertisements included; and thus it becomes the very best medium through which advertisers can reach exactly the class of persons of most value as purchasers.

Make a trial of the BLADE as an advertising medium, and be convinced that this is true.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Several thousand copies of this issue of the BLADE go to persons not subscribers, their friends having sent in their names for specimen copies. We ask them to examine it carefully, and if they like it, to enroll themselves on our books. We claim for the BLADE that it is the best weekly paper published in the United States, or the world, and the cheapest. It publishes more matter, it is more carefully edited, and is altogether the best for the family. Its enormous circulation in every state in the Union, is the best evidence of its value.

The terms of the BLADE are invariably:—

One Year, (post-paid,) - - $1.00.
Three Months, - - - - - 30 cents.
Six Months, - - - - - 60 cents.

Send in your name as soon possible. Take notice of the combinations we make of books and the Waterbury Watch. Any how, examine the paper carefully.

HOW THEY DO IT.

It costs something to make war on the Liquor Business. Two years ago the WEEKLY BLADE commenced a crusade against the infamy, and it sacrificed 31,000 subscribers in a remarkably short space of time. How was it done? Nothing more simple. The Brewing interest is organized from Maine to Texas. There is a liquor dealers' league in every state, and every man who peddles out body-rot in the United States belongs to it, and is subject to its laws, in all matters, from the election of a President to the boycotting of a tradesman. When the BLADE commenced advocating Prohibition it was marked at once. Every man in the liquor business or in any of the branches of trade controlled or in any way connected with it was compelled to do his utmost to kill it out, and while they did not kill it out, they did succeed in influencing about 31,000 of its subscribers to stop it, within a month. Of course we cared nothing for that, for the country is a very large one, and the BLADE penetrates every section of it. We only mention the matter to show what the enemy of this organized curse has to fight, and to impress upon the people the necessity of meeting organization with organization. We want the people to understand that they have an enemy that is thoroughly organized, that has millions at command, and that has a business sufficiently profitable to justify the use of millions to preserve its existence. It will starve out a newspaper or a shoemaker that stands in its way remorselessly and mercilessly.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Elsewhere will be found the regular annual statement of the New York Mutual Life, of New York, the largest life insurance company in the world. No financial institution that ever existed has the record of the Mutual Life. It is one of the pioneers in Life Insurance, it worked its way through all the difficulties that beset a new idea, it has, by safe and shrewd management, escaped the quicksands that have wrecked so many institutions of the kind, and has made progress, steady and certain, every year of its existence. It has now assets to the amount of about $104,000,000, and the enormous amount of $12,000,000 as a surplus; it has in force nearly 111,000 policies, and last year it paid in death claims the immense sum of $5,226,820. Certainly no better showing can be made by any company, and certainly no one who desires certainty in Life Insurance can ask anything more. It is a financial rock, above the reach of financial disturbances. When its policies are not good, nothing is. Its management has always been characterized by the utmost stretch of liberality, consistent with justice and safety to itself, it has never failed to pay a just claim without delay or quibble, and is, all in all, a model institution. The best men in New York, headed by F. S. WINSTON, are its managers. It is one always to be relied and depended upon.

THE battle last year over free trade has had one result favorable to the protection side—it compelled the free traders to abandon their old ground, of denying that wages are higher in America than in England. They now admit the wages here are higher, but agree that the higher rate only shows how excessive and unreasonable the rate of profits on manufacturing must be. The manufacturer could not pay such wages if he were not getting enormous profits. This bit of reasoning, borrowed from Prof. CAIRNES, of Galway, requires as a preliminary argument that the joint earnings of labor and capital shall be divided everywhere in the same proportion. But this is demonstrably false. In England capital takes a larger proportion than in America, as is shown by the fact that while English wealth is greater than American, and therefore the total earnings are greater, the rate of wages is 68 per cent. lower. In other words, the workingman gets a larger slice in America than in Europe, while the profits of manufacture are no greater.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE February debt statement shows a reduction of $8,305,000 for the month, making a total of over $44,000,000 for the eight months just closed, against $67,600,000 for the corresponding eight months of the preceding fiscal year. This so-called reduction arises from the fact that the cash in the treasury has increased $5,665,000 since February 1. There is no change in the column of bonded debt, but the debt column on which interest has ceased shows a reduction of about $600,000. The gold fund shows an increase of $3,000,000, which the outstanding certificates have increased only $700,000. The outstanding certificates are $112,683,290, and the gold not covered by certificates $127,346,553, a net gain of over $2,000,000 during the month.

The silver dollars in the treasury now number 156,561,007, a net gain of nearly 3,000,000 in the past twenty-eight days. Thus the entire coinage for the month and about $1,200,000 in addition have been poured into the treasury vaults. The silver certificates outstanding amount to $111,467,951, making the amount of silver dollars not covered by certificates over $42,000,000, a net increase of $5,773,000 during the month. The available cash balance is $122,225,152, an increase of over $7,500,000 during the month and nearly $7,000,000 compared with March 1, 1884.

THE silver Democrats in the House have replied to the President's letter and make no secret of their chagrin. They had little expectation of such a document. They complain that their letter was intended solely for his information and was not designed to call out an answer, especially before he had entered on his duties as President. As he had taken occasion to air his views on the silver question they concluded to give theirs, and to show him that he was running directly counter to the wishes of an important part of his party. It is now too late for either side to shift ground. Between the Democratic President and a great part, if not a heavy majority, of his party in Congress there is open war on the question of silver dollar coinage.

THE currents of trade have been recovering their accustomed flow so generally and seriously interrupted by the ice and snow blockade, but there has been no indication of activity in any leading department. Indeed the record of the week may be described as unquestionably a record of dullness. The movement of Western produce, and indeed the movement of merchandise generally, has increased somewhat; but it appears improbable that any marked improvement in trade will now occur until after the opening of spring-like weather.

IT is reported that the mild weather of the week shows the condition of the winter wheat crop in the southern half of the winter belt to be damaged very seriously, the injury in some parts of that territory being placed as high as 30 to 40 per cent.

THE report is confirmed that the French government has increased the duty on wheat to 15fc. per bushel, the same to take effect 30 days after the enactment.

THE news of the past week or two from Egypt raised a storm of indignation in England, which threatened for a season to sweep the GLADSTONE government away. A vote of censure was moved in both the House of Lords and the House of Commons, in the former by Lord SALISBURY, in the latter by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. It was carried by the Lords, but defeated by fourteen votes by the Commons. Another motion, that the government had failed to indicate any policy justifying the confidence of the House or country, also suffered a defeat. This leaves Mr. GLADSTONE still in power, but with so small a majority as to make it questionable whether he should not resign at once. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was not one calculated to explain away what had happened, or excuse in any way the neglect to send assistance to Gen. GORDON in proper time.

THERE are threatenings of hostilities between Japan and China over the Corean question. China has heretofore showed no disposition to try issues with the Japanese, since there was furnished her an opportunity for war at the time that Japan annexed the Loo Choo Islands, over which China claimed suzerainty. The Chinese, it will be remembered, threatened and blustered on that occasion, but that was all. There is little probability that she will fight now.

A GOOD deal of excitement has been caused in Switzerland by the carrying out of the resolution of the Federal Council to expel Anarchists from the country. A good many have been seized, and measures have been taken to arrest others if they remain. This step is partly caused by the discovery of a plot, desperate in its character, against the Federal Palace, which they proposed to blow up by dynamite. The situation is a very grave one, and is so felt to be by the authorities in Switzerland.

THE English Cabinet met Saturday afternoon to consider what should be done in view of the present condition of affairs. There is no doubt but Mr. GLADSTONE considers the petty majority in the Commons as a moral defeat, and would gladly resign, but after several hours of discussion, it is believed that the members came to a decision to remain in office until after the bill for Redistribution was passed, then to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the new constituencies next November, with what result cannot now be foreseen.

SWITZERLAND has concluded not to be the hiding place of Anarchists, Nihilists, and Communists hereafter. The authorities are expelling them as fast as possible.

THE contemplated friendly visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland causes a good deal of discussion in England, its expediency being somewhat doubted. The probability is that there will be no trouble unless attempts are made to manufacture enthusiastic demonstrations, which, the *United Ireland* says will cause counter-displays that will overshadow all such manifestations. If the visit should prove a success, arrangements will be made for the Prince's oldest son to take up a permanent residence there.

CHEAP AND VALUABLE BOOKS.

The five books we announce elsewhere contain more valuable information for the money than any like number of recent publications. Any person remitting us $1 for "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette" will be so well pleased that they will be sure to follow with an order for the other books.

THE COST OF RUM.

The cost of Rum to the nation in money is the least of its evil qualities. Dollars spent foolishly may be earned over again; property destroyed may be replaced, and the money cost of the foolishness of a man to-day can be made good by wisdom to-morrow.

The real cost of Rum to the country is the destruction of its men and women, a loss which cannot be made good. The son torn from his mother, the husband from his wife, the father from his family and lost in the yawning chasm of Appetite, these losses can never be made good. They are complete losses, they are wrecks without hope of salvage. There is no return for a soul in Hell, and Rum means souls in Hell.

But the money cost is something so absolutely enormous that it is worth considering. It is worth something to know how much we are paying for the destruction of our best men and boys, in hard cash. It is well to compare the cost of death with the cost of life. Very many of the problems that now vex those who are investigating can be solved by these statements and comparisons.

We take 1883 as an example and we find that during that year the people of the United States spent their money as follows:

Carpets	$ 31,000,000
Worsted goods	33,000,000
Woolen goods	160,000,000
Cotton goods	210,000,000
Boots and shoes	196,000,000
All textiles	457,000,000
Articles of wear	482,000,000
Tea, coffee, &c	145,000,000
Butter and cheese	126,000,000
Sugar	251,000,000
Bread or wheat flour	302,000,000
All foods	963,000,000
Wages paid in mechanical and manufacturing industries	947,000,000
Intoxicating drinks	**$944,000,000**

Do you comprehend these figures? Do you comprehend the horrible fact that Rum costs the country every year almost as much as all the foods combined, that its sum total is almost as great as that paid in wages, that it absorbs more of the productive industry of the people than some dozens of the necessaries of life combined?

And when you have figured up this enormous cost, you are not more than half through with it. When the capitalist has put his money into a house, and the drunken tenant does not pay, the loss of rent is a subtraction from the just earnings of capital. When the victim of the Brewer becomes incapable of labor, in whole or in part, his enforced idleness is that much robbed from the wealth of the country. The cost of the crime and pauperism of the country, the expensive police system, the enormous expense of courts, penitentiaries, jails, houses of correction and other reformatories, 90 per cent. of this is to be charged directly to rum.

Add to these figures the indirect cost, and the sum total is almost beyond the power of the mind to grasp.

Do you doubt the correctness of these figures? Their correctness is easily ascertainable.

The city of Toledo has about 80,000 population. There are in the city 880 Rum Mills and Beer Shops, of all grades that are recognized. This does not include the numberless places where liquors are sold to families, by the bottle or case, but the so called saloons, houses of Prostitution, and Gambling Dens, all of which live directly by Intoxicants, nor does it include the "respectable" wholesalers who supply these places for profit.

It is impossible for any one of them to live upon less than daily sales of $10; indeed, their average is a long way beyond that. Some of them do a business of hundreds of dollars per day, and they are open every day in the year. Averaging them, for convenience, at $10 a day, and each one does a business of $3,655 per annum. Multiply that by 800, and you have a sum total of $2,920,000 per annum.

Actually it is a long way above that. It is entirely safe to say that Toledo pays every year the enormous sum of $3,500,000 for liquors alone.

Toledo, be it borne in mind, is not especially a Rum and Beer ridden city. It is not so bad in this respect in proportion to population as Chicago or Philadelphia, the latter supporting 40 miles of Doggeries, allowing each one to have a frontage of 25 feet. And you will notice that this average keeps up in places of all sizes. The county town of 5,000 population averages, as a rule, only a trifle below the larger cities. But the figures given as to the total of the trade in Intoxicants in the whole country are official and not to be disputed.

How is this terrible incubus on the industry of the country, to be stopped? Have we a right to invoke the power of the law to stop it? Decidedly we have. We have the right to meet force with force. The Brewers and Distillers are organized to increase the consumption of their poisons. They are not content with a natural demand, but they are at work day and night to force a demand. They are organized to debauch men and boys, to the end of increasing their sales. They do not wait for saloons to be established, but they go out to select the places and furnish the means to establish them. They are making an aggressive fight upon good morals, they are waging an unremitting and never ending war upon sobriety, and are succeeding beyond even their expectations. They are multiplying saloons until the cities are splotched with them and the country districts as well. Beer is no longer a passive nuisance—it has become an aggressive evil.

There is but one way to fight it, and that is by law, and that law can only be had by an organized demand for it. The legislatures of the states must make it an offence to make or sell the poison. So long as the BLADE exists it will cry aloud for Prohibition, as the only way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

READ all our announcements this week, and embrace some of our propositions. The Waterbury Watch which you get with the BLADE one year for $3.50 is a good investment, the Scales are reliable, the Books are the best and most valuable published anywhere, and the engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is worth ten times its cost when taken either with or without the BLADE. We especially ask the attention of those who receive this number for the first time.

DURING the present year the charters of some 720 national banks, with an aggregate capital of $190,000,000, will expire. If they decline to apply for an extension of their charters, their note circulation, amounting to $107,485,000, will be retired during 1885, and the total circulating medium of the country will be reduced by that amount. Such a state of things would still further embarrass business, from the scarcity of money.

THE NEW CABINET.

Toledo Daily Blade, Tuesday.

The new Cabinet is complete, and it is probable that CLEVELAND has allowed the list of secretaries to become public in order that he may feel the public pulse. The roster is as follows:

Secretary of State—Thomas F. Bayard, of Delavare.
Secretary of the Treasury—Daniel Manning, of New York.
Secretary of War—W. C. Endicott, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of the Navy—W. C. Whitney, of New York.
Attorney-General—A. H. Garland, of Arkansas.
Secretary of the Interior—L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi.
Postmaster-General—W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin.

There are three from the South, two of whom are ex-rebels, both still believing in the righteousness of the "Lost Cause," and BAYARD was an apologist for secession, and an opponent of the prosecution of the war. LAMAR, the man who declared that no man should call JEFF. DAVIS a traitor, will have control of all pension matters, and the shattered veterans who wore the blue, who have cases or appeals pending, will have to await the pleasure of a long-haired Mississippi fire eater, and rebel emissary to Russia.

Two of the offices—the Treasury and Navy portfolios—go to New York men. This superabundant recognition of New York will be received with a growl by the panting statesmen in less favored sections of the Union. DAN MANNING, a National banker, a man in full accord with Wall street and the money kings, in the Treasury! How will the Democratic howlers in the West get over this? For years and years they have exhausted epithets and invented new adjectives in the effort to properly anathematize the Republican administrations for putting the Treasury in line with the financial center of the country. Will not their old curses come back to roost?

ENDICOTT, the Massachusetts unknown who is slated for secretary of War, is a descendant of Gov. ENDICOTT, of Puritan fame, and is supposed to be invested with all the sanctity of blue blood that attaches to those whose ancestors came over in the steerage of the Mayflower. He is a wealthy lawyer, and of Whig antecedents, in 1860 being a supporter of BELL and EVERETT, the mugwumps of that campaign, and then drifting into the embrace of Democracy. History is silent as to anything he did to favor the war for the Union. His blue blood, patrician ancestry, etc., are supposed to render him acceptable to the mugwumps, and his nomination is a clumsy bid for their continued support.

There are seven cabinet offices, and six of these go to the East and South. VILAS, of Wisconsin, is the only Western representative. He was permanent chairman of the convention that nominated CLEVELAND, was in the intrigues which succeeded in his nomination, and hence VILAS goes into the cabinet.

CLEVELAND proposes to give "the rowdy-West" the "go-by." There is no lack of fit candidates for any cabinet position in the Western states—men as strong as those CLEVELAND has distinguished with his favor. But CLEVELAND knows nothing of the West. He has never set foot farther toward the Pacific than Cleveland, Ohio. He recognizes the South because it is the Democratic party. Without it, Democracy would be a putrid reminiscence of the past. Hence it gets three places. MANNING goes in because he is a personal friend, and WHITNEY because he represents several powerful interests—the Standard Oil monopoly, the hard money faction of Democracy, and the financial enterprises of New York city in general. ENDICOTT goes in to please the mugwumps. Let the show begin! This way, Mr. Merryman! "The elephant goes round and round, the band begins to play"—but we doubt if they can play in harmony.

CLEVELAND'S EGOTISM.

CLEVELAND, according to his own declaration, is about to prove himself the small-souled, narrow-natured man he was charged with being during the campaign. He is in a chumpy condition of self-satisfaction with himself since the election, perfectly content with himself, and not able to see that his party regard him as only the means to an end—and that end the speedy acquisition of all places of emolument and profit in the governmental service. He imagines himself a bigger man than the Democratic party, and is thunderstruck because the House went contrary to his dictum on the silver question. His letter on this matter to WARNER he supposed would settle the whole question; but lo! the Democrats sat down upon his expressed views with emphasis.

It might be well to note the point that he is the first President-elect who ever attempted to influence legislation between his election and his inauguration. His predecessors have had too much delicacy, or a clearer idea of the eternal fitness of things, than to do so. So when he gets decidedly snubbed by his own party in making such a suggestion, we are told he is much incensed thereat; that "he is much in earnest on the silver question," on which he seems to have been posted up by DAN MANNING or somebody else, and "that he will make it especially prominent in his inaugural and first message." There will be music in the air, sure enough.

Another evidence of his smallness is seen in the attitude he takes regarding the HALPIN scandal. He is said to admit the truth of the general charge, but to be extremely sensitive to any mention of it. He is said to have boasted to an old school friend of his that he has the name of every Democratic paper that printed the story, and of every Democratic politician who aided in its circulation. To a Mr. SPRAGUE, formerly of Cincinnati, an old personal friend, he said: "I will never forgive the men who aided in the circulation of this scandal about me. I do not deny the allegations, and never have, but they had nothing to do with my fitness or qualifications for the office to which I have been elected." It will be noted that CLEVELAND has peculiar notions as to what constitutes "fitness" to be exalted to the highest position in this nation.

AMONG the many queer letters received by United States Treasurer WYMAN was one recently from an Indiana farmer, who said that he understood the Democrats intended cleaning out the treasury, but before that should come to pass he desired that the small sum of $6,000 should be sent to him in order that he might buy a farm. He knew Mr. WYMAN would be willing to oblige him with this amount, particularly if he felt that the Democrats could not be trusted with the treasury and its funds.

MR. NASBY

Will resume his lucubrations next week, after the inauguration of President CLEVELAND. There will be material in plenty for him, from this time out, and he will, doubtless appear regularly hereafter, at all events as often as there is anything to write about. Next week he will labor upon the Inauguration.

YIELDING TO DEATH.

The tenor of the news from Gen. GRANT is, that the old hero, "the foremost soldier of the world," is yielding slowly to the onslaughts of the last great conqueror, Death. The iron constitution of the hero of Appomattox has been undermined by the trials and cares of the brilliant campaigns in the field that he carried to a successful conclusion; by the worries and frets of eight years of the Presidency; by the distress and anxiety incident to the wreck of his fortunes by the scoundrel WARD; and lastly, by the steady advance of old age. He has never recovered fully from the injuries received from his fall several months ago, and his system seems to have lost its recuperative power. And, lastly, the rumors which have been current regarding the cancerous growth on his tongue at last seem confirmed by the announcement, by members of the general's own family, and by his physician, Dr. DOUGLAS, that there is really a cancer there which cannot be checked. A microscopic examination of the affected tissues show it to be a malignant epithelial growth. The physician says that Gen. GRANT is "breaking down," that "he is a very sick man," and thinks "there is little or no hope of his recovery."

Notwithstanding the severe pain from this slowly progressing disease, and the additional suffering from his injured hip, the General is working steadily on his military memoirs, in the hope of completing these invaluable contributions to the history of the mighty struggle of which he was the most conspicuous figure. He grapples with death in the hope of delaying the final scene until he shall have completed this work. The manuscript of the first volume is completed, and more than half of the second, but none of it yet revised, he being anxious to finish the work before the final revision. With that given fortitude and strong perseverance so characteristic of the man, he labors at this work while suffering the most excruciating pain. "He may live for months yet, or the end may come in a few weeks—but there is but little hope he will ever recover," is the conclusion to which these best able to judge are reluctantly driven.

No more sad news could be announced to one-half this nation than that chronicled above. One by one the great actors in the mighty drama of the war, by which the nation was recast and rehabilitated, are passing away. It is estimated that ten thousand of the mighty host that were the blue, that fought so well the battle of freedom, humanity and Union against the hosts of slavery, oppression and secession, pass every year to the tomb; but while we mourn these dead heroes, and revere their memories, we remember that the grand Old Commander was worth thrice ten thousand men upon a score of hard-fought fields. GRANT has never had justice done his military achievements. The half of the nation embraced in the disloyal section which his transcendent generalship finally subdued, naturally has not given him its praise. And in the North, the voice of detraction has been constantly lifted against him from the battle of Belmont, his first field, to Appomattox. He was derided as a sot, accused of being a general whose chaplet of fame was twined of laurels that should have decked other brows, stigmatized as a butcher and a military tyrant. He was the target for the jealousy and spleen of uniformed incapables who attempted but failed to do the work in which he was triumphantly successful, and abused by their friends. He was hated with a venomous hate by the Northern Copperheads and sympathizers with Southern traitors. He was maligned by a section of his own political party while he was President because he would not yield his own convictions of duty—mistaken or not—to the milksop mugwumps of that time. Wrecked in fortune, broken in health, the exultant majority of ex-rebel brigadiers and Northern Democrats, including—to their eternal shame—even a few of his own comrades in arms, refused to do a tardy act of simple justice to this grand old man by placing him on the retired list of the army.

No, GRANT has never had justice at the hands of this generation. "Republics are ungrateful." But future and wiser generations will give him that supreme niche in the Temple of Fame which his contemporaries among his own countrymen have refused him. GRANT saved the nation, and his name and fame are immortal. He is the greatest soldier the world has ever yet seen, and the future will yield him his rightful position.

A DRIVELING ex-rebel, now in the clerical ranks—Rev. C. K. MARSHALL, of Mississippi—has written a long letter to BARKSDALE, who was in the Confederate congress from that state, arguing in a flatulent manner that the government of the United States should establish soldiers' homes in the South for disabled veterans of the rebel service. He declares that "there is no just reason why the magnanimous people of America who won the fight may not or ought not to not consistently with themselves and take the establishment of rebel soldiers' Southern homes in hand." Just here this clerical rebel is grievously mistaken. There would be no right, no justice whatever in such a step. The United States owes over a billion dollars still of the enormous debt it incurred to put down the slaveholders' rebellion and preserve the Union intact. It pays out millions of dollars yearly in pensions to men who were maimed, wounded and diseased in its own ranks in putting down an unholy insurrection. There is no "just reason" why it should pour out additional millions for the benefit of the insurgents who fought to the bitter end to dismember this country and to establish a Southern oligarchy, with the acursed institution of human slavery for its corner-stone. They went into the war as rebels, and must abide by the consequences of their own act. They took up arms to defend the doctrine that the states were mightier than the general government; let them look to the states for help, if they need it. The section that called them into the field should care for them in their age and infirmity. The plea for rebel soldiers' homes is but the entering wedge for rebel pensions, for payment for slaves freed by the war, for recompense for property lost or destroyed by the conflict. It is part of the Southern programme to reverse as far as is possible the verdict rendered at Appomattox.

OUR NEW STORY.

"The Daughter of the Sun."

We commence this week a story of absorbing interest by one of the first writers of this country, under the above title. The first chapters afford a fair indication of what the remainder will be, and we are sure that all who read this installment will want to continue to the end. It is a story full of exciting situations, of delightful descriptions and artistic character drawing, and will be the most popular of the many excellent works of fiction we have given our readers.

The proper thing to do is to enclose a dollar and get the BLADE a year; however, if you want a taste of it before taking a full meal, enclose thirty cents and the paper will be mailed to you three months, which will cover the publication of this really great story. Remit at once.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

We call the attention of such of our readers as are interested in Life Insurance to the 37th annual statement of the Penn Mutual of Philadelphia. The company is not the largest in the country, but it is perfectly safe to say it is one of the best. It has always been managed honestly and conservatively, more to the end of being a safe rather than showy institution. It officers and managers are of the best citizens of the Quaker City, and it has a just claim to public confidence. Its assets are $9,000,000, and its surplus is $1,305,000. No company is more prompt in payment of losses, and none better to do business with. It is a thoroughly reliable institution, and worthy of all confidence.

A SOUTHERN SMITH.

Mr. ROSWELL C. SMITH is the proprietor as well as the chief editor of the *Century* magazine—a periodical which is held in high favor by many Republicans on account of its literary merits, notwithstanding the fact that its utterances are strongly for free trade, as well as mildly mugwumpish. If Mr. SMITH is the real controlling spirit of his magazine, and not merely its nominal editor, we must acknowledge that his literary judgment is most excellent. But when we are told by the New York press that on the occasion of Mr. EVARTS's recent speech before the Union League, the aforesaid SMITH "was so much disgusted" with some home truths told by EVARTS, that he, SMITH, "proprietor of the *Century*," arose and left the room, we find that his manners are not at all up to his literary standard. The paragraph of Mr. EVARTS's masterly speech which so excited the "disgust" of this mugwump magazinist was the following:

But, gentlemen, there are other matters which I may briefly refer to. Our party needs no illustration to you from me. I believe it to be now at heart, in substance, in principle, in purpose, and in its array of power, substantially of the same make-up that it was in 1860, when it first laid its hand upon the government of the United States. If I could doubt from that survey the justice of this observation, I should feel no doubt as to the power that now lays its hand upon the government; *the Democratic party is in heart, in substance, in purpose, and in power, very much the same party as it was in 1860.* It is composed of the great body and strength of the Southern states and the contingent and casual fragments picked up from the sturdy, loyal masses of the Northern people.

The man who would be guilty of such an act as this SMITH, deserves no consideration at the hands of the loyal Republicans of the North. The paragraph noted above is a concise and clear statement of known facts. This mawkish magazinist—whose politics we do not know, but who is one of a particular literary (or rather school-book authors') clique in New York, which numbers some furious and unreconstructed Southerners among it—should be taught a lesson, as were the HARPERS during the campaign last year. They lost thousands of dollars by their silly attempt to play traitor to the Republican party. And this fellow SMITH should be taught the same lesson. Every self-respecting Republican, who protests against laying his mouth in the dust at the behest of the South should drop the *Century*, and cease all support of it, as they did last fall of *Harpers' Weekly*. There may not be a literary periodical that embraces all the pleasant features of the *Century*, but there are those that are of as high a literary grade, and published by men who are gentlemen, and consequently would not deliberately insult a statesman and the leader of the Republican party in the Senate by showing the old Southern intolerance at a plain statement of the truth.

THE COMING INAUGURAL.

Toledo Daily Blade, Tuesday.

So far as the reports that have been sent out from Albany as to the scope of the inaugural of CLEVELAND are to be relied upon, the breach already made between the bull-necked accidental statesman and a large section of his party, will be materially widened thereby. CLEVELAND is incensed that the silver men should oppose his views, and will treat the matter at length and with a most emphatic reiteration of his views. He is supported by the mugwump press and the Eastern Democrats, and his position on this question will split his party into an Eastern and a Western faction. His views on this matter are sound, we think, but they are opposed by a majority of his own party, and there is a very pretty little fight already in progress, which will be intensified by the inaugural.

His reputed views on the tariff are those of the PAYNE crowd, rather than of the CARLISLE and MORRISON faction. He will declare that there must be no more taxes levied than are absolutely necessary for the wants of the government, but there will be no action that will tend to reduce the wages of labor, therefore there can be no general tariff reduction. So far as can be made out from this, he does not profess to be a protectionist, but is very sure he does not favor either WATTERSON free trade or MORRISON horizontal reduction. This is more likely to widen the breach between the two wings of the Democracy than to fill it up.

But the most unwelcome utterance to the hungry and thirsty Democratic hordes will be his views on civil service reform. He is reported as taking the most advanced position, and it is averred that his address will be, in this particular, after the heart of the most pronounced civil service reformer. This means that the spoils will not go to the men who have been watching for the hour of Democratic supremacy for a quarter of a century; that the mugwumps are going to run things with a high hand, and the mossbacks are to be relegated to the rear. If these things are borne out by the inaugural, then indeed have the Democracy gotten a white elephant on their hands.

EXORBITANT FREIGHT RATES.

The stand which the BLADE has taken in defense of the farmers against the extortions of the railroads in the way of exorbitant freight rates, meets with the hearty approbation of our readers in the West. One of our friends at West Salem, Wis., says:

The editorial in the BLADE of February 19, relating to unreasonable freight rates, exhibits a very true picture of the situation, while it is, at the same time, showing that sympathy for the farmers is entertained by at least *one* journalist in the land. May this sympathy be more lasting than usual with those of his colleagues, who once in a while appeared to be in a like state of mind and feeling! And may thousands of them be converted to refrain from acting obedient to the political servants of the money powers, and from worshipping their gold too much.

The above writer also asks what party is responsible for the failure of a measure in Congress for the regulation of interstate commerce during the present winter. The matter is not a party measure, and party lines are not drawn upon it in Congress. The House favored the REAGAN bill; the Senate favored the commission plan. It was not a dispute about the necessity of legislation, but the form such legislation should take. Of course the friends of railway monopoly so voted as to bring about the dead-lock which has caused the failure of congressional interference with the high-handed proceedings of the monopolists.

With dozens of letters, like the one cited above, expressing the pleasure of the writers at the BLADE's fearless stand for the farmers, we have received but one taking the other side. A friend at Rosefield, Ill., while expressing admiration for the BLADE, thinks we go too far in our strictures on the railroads, and that "the idea that the railroads are sucking the life-blood out of the Western farmers, and that they are in combination with Wall street for that purpose, sounds more like Chicago socialist talk than the usual calm yet patient philosophy of the BLADE." Yet if our friend were a struggling farmer, who had gone out on the trans-Missouri prairies; had bought a farm on time; had worked hard all the year, and had gathered large crops; but had then had to pay, (as farmers there do) from one-third to one-half the value of the crop to get it to market, and then found that his net return did not pay him for the cost of raising it, let alone meeting the interest on his mortgage—then he would feel far more strongly, with rum staring him in the face, than he now does on this matter. He would begin to think that the watering of stock first, and then endeavoring to wrest interest on millions of such stock, representing nothing but a swindle, from men dependent on the roads for freight facilities, is a grievance to the farmers who have to pay the piper. But we agree most heartily with our friend as to the advantages of railroads. It is not their use, but their abuse, that we complain of. He says:

I think railroads are great benefactors and civilizers, and if they should be blotted out, the race would make a long step toward barbarism. If young men would quit loafing and quarreling with luck and go to work, always getting as good pay as possible for their work, but never quitting it becau e they did not get as much as they would like, the danger that now menaces us from the bad elements of society would pass away. The habit of politicians and office-seekers, helped too often by editors, of catering to the passion of envy in their readers and hearers, I think causes much harm by making the thoughtless believe that the rich are their enemies, and that it would be a good thing to injure them. By counteracting that feeling, in place of feeding it, you could do much good.

But because railways are factors of civilization, must the men who own them make them the instruments of grinding oppression to the men who have pioneered the West, attracted thither because the railways put them within reach of markets and the East? The remarks of our friend to idle young men are sensible, but they have nothing whatever to do with the question. The farmers of the West would resent the imputation that they are not hard-working and energetic. As a matter of fact, these Western communities have a greater proportion of energetic and industrious men than those of the East. It is the enterprising, energetic men always who settle in a new country.

Nor will we rest under the imputation of "catering to the passion of envy" in our readers. All that we desire is justice to the portion of the community who stand at the foundation of our national prosperity—the farmers. Nor are we leading a crusade against the rich, or instructing the poor that "to injure them would be a good thing." We want the railroads compelled to deal justly toward those in their power; we demand that pooling, and unjust freight discriminations, shall cease; that railroads shall be managed honestly; that when "cuts" are made in wages the high-salaried officials shall stand as great a proportional diminution as the lowest paid section-hand; that the effort to wring interest on millions of watered stock from the struggling farmers shall cease.

What say the farmers themselves? We wish to hear from them.

THOSE who receive this number of the BLADE for the first time are invited to examine it carefully and then subscribe for it. $1 a year; on trial, three months, 30 cents. Subscribe at once.

THE question has been asked more than once as to the meaning of the word "Zareba," which has been used very frequently in connection with the fighting in the Soudan. "Zareba" is a sort of enclosure similar to those used in olden times by the Chinese to prevent a successful charge. They built a wall breast high, studded thick with bamboos sharpened to a point, and this would be a dangerous obstacle to an assaulting party. A Zareba is designed for defence in open ground. It is made of mimosa bushes, piled up with the roots inward, six or eight feet high. Sand is banked against the roots until a platform two feet high is formed, and behind this the defenders stand with their rifle to do execution upon any advancing party. The superstition of the Arabs against night attacks renders these "Zarebas" exceedingly effectual in their warfare with each other.

BY facts and figures deduced from showings at the New Orleans Exposition, it appears that while the United States is the foremost nation of the earth in the value of her annual manufactures, only two per cent. find markets abroad. It is no wonder that industries here are so seriously burdened and that over-production causes such depression. Let the attention be turned to the countries south of us and trade be built up with them, and this condition of matters would be greatly changed.

SEND thirty cents for the BLADE for three months and secure the delightful story, "The Daughter of the Sun."

CURRENT EVENTS.

The House of Commons Friday, by a vote of 302 to 288, declined to censure the government for its Egyptian policy. The vote in the Lords was 189 to 68 in favor of censure.——Gen. Buller has arrived at the Gakdul wells after an unimpeded retreat from Abu Klea.——The bill to re-establish capital punishment in Michigan was passed on the third reading in the House Friday.——The aggregate loss by fire in New York city in 1884 was $3,474,547. The total expense of the fire department was $1,266,481. There were 272 persons killed and injured at fires, and 50 people rescued by firemen.——Cattlemen in all parts of Cadada have decided, for mutual protection, to form the Dominion Cattlemens' association. John Dunn, of Toronto, will be its president.——Several large tracts of land near Summerville, Ga., were last year cleared of the oak forests on them and planted to tobacco. The crop was most encouraging, yielding better profits than cotton, and tobacco will be more extensively grown in future.——The President has finally approved the findings of the court martial which tried Brig.-Gen. Swaim. The verdict of the court is that Gen. Swaim be suspended from rank and duty for twelve years, and to forfeit one-half of his monthly pay during this period. This finding, which the President has approved, was the third in the case.——The President has directed that the North Carolina internal revenue districts be increased from two to three in number.——The Senate has passed the bill providing for the sale of the Sac and Fox Indian reservation in Nebraska and Kansas.——The shock of an earthquake broke windows in Valparaiso Saturday night.——The revised version of the Old Testament will be published in London next Easter.——The faculty of Harvard college has decided to make examination in Greek optional with the applicants for admission.——The case of the state of Louisiana vs. the murderers of A. H. Murphy, was given to the jury at 11:40 Saturday night. In fifteen minutes later they returned a verdict of guilty against Pat Ford and Policeman John Murphy, and manslaughter against Judge Thomas J. Ford, W. H. Canfield and Thomas Buckley.——The death, recently, of the supposed "oldest Mason in Europe" has resulted in bringing out a Mr. Stirtan, of Cupar-Angus, who, says *Truth*, of London, is in his 100th year, and was initiated at Cupar Hugus in 1808.——An order has been issued from the council of Fenian brotherhood to commanders of councils to take such measures as may be necessary to organize an Irish brigade for active service in Egypt in the interest of the Mahdi against England.——Some wealthy Germans of Davenport, Ia., have subscribed enough to build a crematory, and expect to be able to reduce the cost of incineration to from $10 to $25.——The winding up of the affairs of the stockholders of the New York Metropolitan Opera House brings to light the fact that up to the date of Dr. Damrosh's death the losses on the season of opera had been $45,000.——The French Radical Left have agreed to an electoral platform favoring reform of French land taxation, a decrease of army service to three years, the election of senators by universal suffrage, and the abolition of state aid to churches.——The Baltimore & Ohio railroad placed on record a $10,000,000 mortgage to the Union Trust company of New York, to cover the second consolidation bonds of the Pittsburg & Connellsville railroad which were recently negotiated. The length of road named in the mortgage is 85 miles. The bonds are due in 1925.——Frank Davis, of Clinton county, the tallest man in the Missouri legislature, stands seven feet in his stockings.——The standing armies of Europe aggregate 3,501,971 able-bodied men. The taxes for their support aggregate $495

Correspondence.

LONDON LETTER.

The Marriage of the Queen's Youngest Daughter---How Ladies of Noble Birth Add to Their Pin Money-----The Mackay-Colonna Wedding---A Parisian Story.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

LONDON, Feb. 11, 1885.

The average Englishman does not regard with much favor the coming marriage of Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, chiefly on the grounds that the lucky bridegroom hasn't a halfpenny to his name, and of course the already heavily burdened people don't relish having another pauper foisted upon them to be supported in Royal style. Princess Beatrice has been her mother's constant companion for years, and has been more of a private secretary than daughter, having had almost the entire administration of her mother's affairs, charities, her households, and pensioners and guests. The Queen has kept her daughter to herself—whether for personal reasons or reasons of State, does not greatly signify—till long past the age the Princess will be 28 in April at which most English girls marry and have homes and families of their own. Now she allows her, not to quit the family mansion, but to bring a young gentleman into them to share with her, perhaps, the servitude which thus far she has endured alone. There is no reason at all why we should not hear of Princess Henry of Battenberg discharging day after day the gracious functions which we have come to identify with the name of Princess Beatrice. Publicity, and the journals of to-day are authorized (which means desired) to announce in express terms that the Princess's future home will be with Her Majesty 'as heretofore.' It was at first proclaimed that the young pair would live near Her Majesty. But it seems they are to be under the same roof, to journey with her from Windsor Castle to Balmoral, and from Balmoral back to Windsor, and from Windsor again to Osborne, that being one of the conditions under which the Queen sanctioned the engagement. It is permissible to hope they may be allowed a brief holiday for their honeymoon.

The Queen is certainly well waited upon, for besides the assistance rendered by Princess Beatrice, she has eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, who draw £500 per annum each—a nice little sum of £20,000. One of these ladies—they all belong to wealthy and powerful families, the Dowager Duchess of Atholl, the Dowager Duchess of Roxbury, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Lady Churchill, Lady Waterpark, the Countess of Erroll, Lady Abercrombie and Lady Southampton being the present incumbents, —has to wait on Her Majesty—that is keep her company for a fortnight at a time, the rotation being arranged so that each has a turn about three times in the course of the year.

Then there are eight Maids of Honor, at £500 each, £12,000 per year drawn by titled ladies, two of who attend Her Majesty a fortnight at a time. Besides these there are eight noble Bedchamber Women, who for being the companions of the Queen for certain periods during the year receive £300 each—another £12,000.

The Queen has also eight Lords in Waiting at £700 each—£5,600 or £28,000 per year. These gentlemen have very easy times of it, and their position may fairly be considered sinecures, as each one of the Lords is supposed to be in "waiting" a fortnight at a time, three times a year; therefore, to pay them the extravagant sum of £700 a year for six weeks' "service" is rather costly enough to be without compensation to mention who, if they had the least spark of chivalrous feeling, would scorn to descend to the class of servants by taking wages for waiting. These lordly waiters are the Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., Viscount Torrington, Lord Methen, Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Sudeley (who is a manufacturer of jam), Lord Wrottesley, Lord Sandhurst, and Lord Thurlow. There is also an Extra Lord in Waiting—Lord Yarde-Buller.

Her Majesty has five Pages of the Backstairs, averaging £440 each—$10,000. To do this of these persons are to wait upon the Queen, one of them being always in attendance at the door of Her Majesty's apartments, from 8 in the morning until she retires at night. Two of them wait at the Royal dinner table. These salaries were, formerly, only £80 per annum, exclusive of perquisites, which seem abundantly sufficient for such service. There are also two State Pages and a Page of the Chambers.

So the British taxpayer has to pay titled personages the snug little sum of $70,000 in order that the Queen may be properly entertained. I could very much wish that the Queen obtained that amount of happiness or comfort, living constantly among such a lot of sycophants and time-servers.

A good deal of twaddle has been written in the press during the past few days about the Prince of Wales declining to ask for an allowance for his eldest son, who has just become of age. We made the announcement weeks ago. The fact is the Heir to the Throne is nearly well provided for. As Heir to the Throne his allowance is fixed at £40,000 a year. The Princess is allowed £10,000 for pin money. In addition to this income directly voted by Parliament, the Prince's interest in the estate of the Duchy of Cornwall is estimated at £60,000. Thus the total family income amounts to £110,000 a year. As the only thing that can affect this income would be an increase of it, and since Prince Albert Victor will come into a splendid provision when his father succeeds to the throne, there can be no doubt that the Heir-Apparent has exercised a proper discretion in taking the maintenance and education of his children upon his own shoulders.

MISS MACKAY'S WEDDING

will be a sore disappointment to the many Americans over here who have been anticipating a royal show, for the ceremony that will unite Miss Evelyne Bryant Mackay, daughter and only child of the bonanza silver mine millionaire, to Don Fernando Colonna, Prince di Galatro, is to be very simple and entirely private. The match is a love one. The Prince and Miss Eva met first last winter, and the lives of both date from that date. Their original meeting was in Rome, at the house of a friend with whom she and her aunt, the Countess Telfener, were staying. They liked each other from the start, and what followed was the same old story that married people know from experience, and about which old bachelors have read until their hearts are hardened. The Mackays returned to Paris, and in the summer went out to their country place, not far distant from the capital. The Prince followed them, and so did a certain other one who hoped to build real castles in Spain by means of an alliance with the rich American. He succeeded in making a fool of himself; a duel was talked of, and then Mr. Mackay and her daughter departed for other climes.

ANOTHER WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

A queer story comes from Paris about a very useful old gentleman generally designated by the name of "Guillaume," otherwise a capitalist, otherwise a usurer, in plain words a money-lender, though not recognized by the law in that light. A certain young baron, being hard up, sought Guillaume's help, but the latter resolutely declined lending on a "bill." No, he would if the baron liked, sell him 50,000 francs' worth of wine, accepting his note of hand, in present payment, and further engaging to find a purchaser for the wine next day. The baron agreed, the champagne was delivered, but as luck would have it, so too was a certain sum of money due to the young man, by a friend. When the promised purchaser arrived, the baron indignantly refused his offer of 10,000 francs (the exact sum the baron had wished to borrow), the purchaser was persistent, but at last retired saying he would call again. Then the baron being in funds, and elate at the thought of having done Guillaume out of a good collar, called in his friend. The champagne was uncorked, but proved to be water. The baron rushed up to M. Guillaume and accused him of cheating; selling Seine water in place of champagne. "Mon dieu! monsieur le baron," exclaimed the capitalist, "what would you have me do? I've sold and rebought those bottles for twenty years; if I put wine in them, it would be a dead loss of capital."

This story is capped by one told of another bottle transaction. On this occasion the "usurier," or merchant, died suddenly, before the repurchase had been effected. The holder of what he thought worthless wine or bottles, sent it off post-haste to a saleroom, where, being tasted, the lot sold for 25,000 francs (the original price being 4,000). This time the trader in the bottles had really put wine in them, but so many years before that the wine had matured, and so, unwittingly, he had left his client a small fortune.

PAUL CHAPUS.

PROHIBITION UTTERANCES.

What the Blade's Readers Have to Say of Our Plan.

We continue giving in brief the opinions of readers upon Prohibition:

F. E., Oxford, Ia.:

I am highly pleased with the firm position the BLADE takes on Prohibition. It is a pity that the BLADE is not published in German. I believe if our foreign friends had such grand truths brought to them in their own languages, we might soon hope to have all of them on the side of prohibition.

Thomas Ellis, Rochester, Mass.:

I hail with joy each week the receipt of our true and trusty BLADE, and rejoice that it is drawn in a cause of more importance to the continuing progress of our race in the scale of civilization than all other social evils combined. I rejoice, too, that the scabbard is thrown away, that there is one great and powerful organ in our country that dares stand boldly forth in the right, regardless of financial consequences to itself.

I feel that it ought to be sustained, and its circulation increased ten fold, for the two good reasons that it justly rewards a bold and laudable course for the right, and that its moral force will add great strength to the greatest and best of causes. I shall do all I can to promote your circulation, and trust all good temperance men will do the same, and bring your hundred thousand subscribers up to a million. I have not done quite my part yet, but mean to, and more.

Wm. Klinge, Shelbonia, Ill., asks: "How long will it be before a portion of the Republican party will learn that 900 Democrats out of 1,000 vote straight, while the Republicans wander off at the rate of five in 1000 If the Republican party is more honorable than the Democratic party, I would sincerely advise the wanderers to return, as did the prodigal son, before it is too late, and give the glorious old Republican party a lift that will count."

The fact that the Republican party is composed of men that think for themselves is at once a strength and a weakness. There is no danger of the Democratic party carrying *everything*. It is like sin—it is always with us; but the final triumph will be ours.

D. W. Weaver, Reneeverte, W. Va.:

I like your plan pretty well, but think the time has come to lay aside old party issues and go in for the best and greatest good of the greatest number. I am a Republican. I have been in sympathy with that party since its organization, on account of its loyalty to the Union, and loyalty to citizens in protecting their interests; and think that can be carried still further in the protection of women and children. I believe in the prohibition movement, and think the time near at hand when we can consummate it. The third party seems to me preferable; and as soon as any organization becomes strong enough it should put forth its candidates, beginning by townships, counties, district, etc.

J. W. Duncan, Newburg, Ind.:

How can a nation of intelligent and honest men sit still and see the evils of rum pass unchecked? Let us join hand in hand upon the BLADE'S plan and pulverize the rum power, for it certainly is the greatest evil of our day.

J. W. Fifbean, Grove City, Pa.:

Are you not rowing against the tide? Suppose you are successful in passing a prohibitory law, with the parties as now constituted, could you enforce it? This has been and will be the greatest difficulty. Your law officers are not in sympathy with your law, and will not enforce it; but back it up with a full strong party, and officers elected by that party, and it will be enforced. You had this in states where they have prohibition, especially in large towns.

The remainder of the letter is an amplification of the argument stated above. If a legislature can be elected in a state to pass a prohibitory constitutional amendment, it will also pass the necessary laws to execute it. Any county which had a majority to elect a man to the legislature on this issue, will have a majority to elect officers to enforce it on that issue. This will of course be a majority of the counties of the state. We have then left only a minority of the counties. If anti-prohibition officers are elected, the prohibitionists must form leagues in every county to enforce the law, to gather evidence of its violation, to press suit after suit against saloonists, and push the traffic to the wall—not neglecting to build up a public sentiment against the accursed Rum Power. There is no politics in it, and the man who insists on dragging politics into it plays into the hands of the Rum Power.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

We give below, in condensed form, letters from various friends, giving information of interest to those who would like to change their present locations and find new homes:

J. A. B., Norfolk, Neb.:

Having just traversed the Trans-Missouri river region for 350 miles westward, a few facts may be of interest. In 1871, I settled in Rice county, Kansas, in the center of that state, then the frontier and full of antelope, buffalo, and Indians in hunting parties along the Arkansas, Smokey Hill and Republican. It was then thought doubtful if successful mixed farming could be carried on reliably so far back from the Missouri river. For several years, crops were more or less cut short by dry seasons, hot winds, and last of all, in 1874, by locusts. The faint-hearted retreated, the plucky remained, and now for many successive years the crops have been abundant, the rain-fall well distributed, and as compared with the states of Iowa, Illinois and Indiana the crops have been more reliable.

It seems like an Arabian story to read the well-authenticated results of farming in Central Kansas and Nebraska. These two states have outstripped all the older states for years in the average yield of corn and wheat. And the yield of both wheat and corn are exceptionally good this year. In Rice, Russell and other central and western counties in Kansas, the wheat averages from 20 to 30 bushels, and some fields run from 40 to 50 bushels. This is by actual threshing returns. Good corn in Rice county will run from 50 to 80 bushels. The size of sweet potatoes, squashes and watermelons is phenomenal. Piles of the latter on the store fronts in Lyons, Rice county, would run from 20 to 40 pounds apiece. What a change since 1871, when for weeks we would look at the blazing sky to catch sight if possible of a cloud! Now the tall grass has supplanted the short, sere buffalo grass, the immense plowed fields retain the rain and retain it for weeks, thus by slow evaporation causing the air, causing dew and summer showers; in fact, changing a seeming desert into a fruitful field. It would seem that the change is likely to be permanent, and that the "Great American Desert" is yet to be a granary and garden.

The amount of United States lands in Western Kansas and Nebraska is still very great—2,000,000 acres in the western district of Central Kansas. The land office is at Wakeeney, Trego county. That region has fine soil, building rock, and at present is specially adapted to sheep, cattle and horse raisers. The buffalo grass yet predominates, and affords winter range. Sorghum, millet, and alfalfa do well for stock feeding in the stormy days of winter, which are very few. Fruit does well as far west as Central Kansas.

Prices of land have decidedly advanced in both Kansas and Nebraska, and as the uniform results of farming have been so good, there is no doubt that this advance will go on till good farms will command prices such as rule in the older Western states. Wild land runs from $6 to $15 per acre. Improved farms from $15 to $50. There are over 7,000 school districts in Kansas. A number proportioned to population in Nebraska. The prospect for a heavy immigration into both of these states within a year was never better.

B., Bailey, Mo.:

Bailey is in Pulaski county, 160 miles southwest of St. Louis. The St. Louis & San Francisco runs through the northwestern portion of the county. The surface of the country is rough, resembling the lands of western Pennsylvania and Southern Ohio. The lands that are not in cultivation are thinly covered with timber, under which springs up a coat of prairie grass in quantities to pasture thousands more horses, mules, cattle and sheep than are upon it. The climate for stock raising is equal to Kentucky, while even Texas men agree that we can raise stock more cheaply than they can. We put a bell on our leaders in the spring, and if the herd is well saited it will give the owner no trouble in hunting. The soil is good and undulating, producing any kind of crops that can be raised in the East, while in point of health it is equal to anywhere I know of. The best improved farms, with log buildings, do not exceed $12 an acre in price. We have no land agents nor sharpers to take advantage of anyone; the land is for sale and titles good. In our setting, which is composed chiefly of families from the Western Reserve of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, we have three school districts, two of which support eight months' school during the year, and the other seven. Our religious denominations are United Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. As to politics, our township is Republican, while our county is Democratic by about 150 votes.

F. C., West Union, Neb.:

This country is being settled by the best classes from all the states. Wheat goes from 20 to 25 bushels per acre, corn 25 to 70, oats 40 to 90, etc. Vegetables do well here, even on soil. The climate can't be beat. Small towns are springing up all over the county (Custer). There are still some claims to be taken along the Middle Loup. For farming and grazing it can't be beat.

Collections of internal revenue for the first seven months of the fiscal year, $65,341,847, against $60,962,679 for the same period the previous fiscal year, a decrease of $404,832.

CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

Brief Biographies of the Gentlemen Chosen to Assist Grover Cleveln in Destroying the Democratic Party.

THOMAS F. BAYARD, SECRETARY OF STATE

Mr. Bayard was born at Wilmington, Del., October 29, 1829. He was chiefly educated at Flushing School, and his early training was for a mercantile life. After having had some experience in business in New York he returned to Delaware and studied law with his father, Hon. James A. Bayard, who was then in the Senate. He was admitted to the bar in 1851 and in 1853 he was appointed United States district attorney for Delaware, but resigned in 1854 and went to live in Philadelphia, where he remained till 1856, when he returned to Wilmington, where he remained through the civil war, practicing his profession. In the winter of 1868-9 he was elected to the Senate to succeed his father, and was re-elected in 1875 and 1881. In 1876 he was a member of the Electoral commission. Mr. Bayard is the fourth of his family who have served in the Senate. His grandfather, James Ashton Bayard, was elected to the Senate from Delaware in 1804 and served till 1813, when Pres. Madison appointed him one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of Ghent. His uncle, Richary H. Bayard, was elected to the Senate from Delaware in 1836 and again in 1841. His father, James A., served in the Senate from 1851 to 1869.

DANIEL MANNING, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Mr. Manning was born in Albany, N. Y., August 16, 1831. His parentage was of Irish, English and Dutch extraction. He was a poor boy, and his early opportunities for schooling were very limited. At 11 years of age he went to work as office boy at the establishment of the Albany *Atlas*, which was afterwards merged into the Albany *Argus*, with which paper he has ever since, in one capacity or another, been connected. In 1873 he assumed sole charge of the *Argus*, and was elected president of the company, which position he yet holds, though he has done little or no writing for some time. He was a member of the Democratic state convention of 1874 that nominated Samuel J. Tilden for governor, and was a delegate to the St. Louis convention of 1876 that nominated Mr. Tilden for President. He has been a member of the Democratic state committee since 1876; was its secretary in 1879 and 1880, and was elected chairman in 1881, which place he now fills.

L. G. C. LAMAR, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Mr. Lamar was born at Oxford, Putnam county, Ga., September 17, 1825, and received his early schooling in his native town. He graduated at Emory college, Ga., in 1845. He studied law at Macon, Ga., and was admitted to the bar in 1847. He moved to Oxford, Miss., in 1849, and was elected adjunct professor of mathematics in the Mississippi State university, Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, editor of the *Southern Review*, being the senior professor. He resigned in 1850 and went to Covington, Ga., where he devoted himself to the practice of law. In 1853 he was elected to the Georgia legislature, and in the following year returned to Mississippi, where he settled on a plantation in Lafayette county. He was elected to the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congress and resigned in 1860. He entered the Confederate army in 1861 as lieutenant colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Volunteers, and was soon promoted to the colonelcy. In 1863 he was sent to Russia by the Confederate government on an important diplomatic mission. He returned to Mississippi at the close of the war, and in 1866 was elected professor of Political Economy and Social Science in the university of that state. A year later he was transferred to the Professorship of Law. He was elected to the Forty-third Congress and re-elected to the Forty-fourth. In the winter of 1876-7 he was elected to the Senate, where he has since served.

AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND, ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Mr. Garland was born in Tipton county, Tenn., June 11, 1832. The following year his parents moved to Arkansas, where he has made his home ever since, and which state he has represented in the Senate since 1876. He was educated in St. Mary's college and St. Joseph's college in Kentucky. He studied law and was admitted to practice at Washington, Ark., the place where his parents had originally settled, in 1853. He removed to Little Rock, where his home now is, in 1856. He was a delegate to the state convention that passed the ordinance of secession in 1861, and was also a member of the provisional Confederate Congress that subsequently met the same year at Montgomery, Ala. He served in both the House and the Senate of the Confederate Congress, being in the Senate when the war closed. He was elected from Arkansas to the United States Senate March 4, 1867, but was not admitted to his seat. He made the test-oath case as to lawyers in the Supreme court of the United States and gained it. He practiced law at Little Rock with success till 1874, when he was elected governor of Arkansas without opposition, and at the expiration of his term was elected to the United States Senate, again having no opposition, and succeeded Powell Clayton. He has taken high rank as a lawyer from the day he entered the Senate, and has for some time been a member of the Judiciary committee. He is of medium height and speaks with clearness, deliberation and force. His wife died soon after he was elected to the Senate, and he has since remained a widower.

WM. C. ENDICOTT, SECRETARY OF WAR.

Mr. Endicott was born in Salem, Mass., in 1827, and is the son of Wm. Putnam Endicott and Mary, daughter of Hon. Jacob Crowninshield, who was a Representative in Congress. He attended the Salem schools, and was graduated from Harvard college in the class of 1847. He married his cousin, a daughter of George Peabody, and has two children, a son and a daughter. Judge Endicott studied at Harvard Law school, and read law in the office of the late Nathaniel J. Lord. He was admitted to the bar about 1850, and a few years later formed a partnership with the late J. W. Perry and continued with him until his appointment by Gov. Washburn to a seat on the Supreme Judicial bench in 1872. This position he held until 1882, when he resigned on account of his health. In 1882 he made an extended tour of the continent. He was a member of the Salem common council in 1855, 1883 and 1857, when he was elected president of that board. He was city solicitor from 1858 to 1863. He is a member of the Historical society and of the board of Overseers of Harvard college. The coming secretary of War is a direct descendant of Gov. John Endicott. Politically Mr. Endicott is of Whig antecedents, his affiliation with the Democratic party dating from the Bell-Everett campaign of 1864, but he has never been an active politician. Last fall, it may be recalled, he was the candidate of his party for governor in the state, but did not himself appear in the canvass, and received a comparatively small vote.

WM. F. VILAS, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Mr. Vilas was born at Chelsea, Orange county, Vt., July 9, 1840. When he was eleven years old he went to Wisconsin, where, a few months after, he was entered as pupil in the preparatory department of the university of that state. In 1853 he matriculated in the freshman class of that institution, and was graduated there in 1858. After taking his academical degree he studied law in Albany, N. Y., and was graduated from the law school of that city in 1860. After his admission to the Supreme court of New York he removed to Wisconsin, where, on his birthday, July 9, 1860, he made his first argument before the Supreme court of that state. In the same year, 1860, he became a partner with Charles T. Wakeman, a lawyer of good standing. Upon the outbreak of the war Mr. Vilas entered the army as captain in the Twenty-third Wisconsin Volunteers, and rose to be major and lieutenant-colonel. He resigned his commission and resumed the practice of the law in Madison in 1862. In 1872 Gen. G. E. Bryant joined him in partnership, and in 1877 his brother, E. P. Vilas, also became a partner in the firm. The Supreme court of Wisconsin appointed Col. Vilas one of the revisors of the statutes of the state in 1875, and the revision of 1878, adopted by the state, was partly made by him. In 1879 Mr. Vilas refused the use of his name as a candidate for the governorship of Wisconsin. He has persistently declined office, but went to Chicago as a delegate to the convention of 1884, which honored him with its permanent chairmanship.

WM. C. WHITNEY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Mr. Whitney, now of New York, is a native of Conway, Mass., and was born in 1839. His father, Gen. James S. Whitney, who has been collector of the port of Boston, a delegate to the Charleston convention of 1860, and prominent among the great Democrats of that state, was regarded as one of the leaders of the party. The latter died in 1878 during the exciting contest against Benjamin F. Butler. After being graduated from Williston Seminary at Easthampton, William C. Whitney entered Yale college in 1859. With William G. Sumner, the well-known writer and teacher upon political economy, who was his classmate, Mr. Whitney divided the first prize for English essays. He was chosen to deliver the oration of his class on graduation. Entering the Harvard Law school, he graduated in 1865, and continued his studies in New York with Abraham R. Lawrence, now one of the judges of the supreme court. On his admission to the bar he began the practice of his profession, which he has since followed.

Lake Michigan.

A dispatch from Frankfort says: Lake Michigan is full of ice as far as the eye can reach. The belt extends out from shore about twenty miles. It is said that the foot of the lake is solidly frozen over. The keeper of South Manitou Island lighthouse, in looking out from the high light-tower, can discover no trace of water in any direction. Teams cross the ice from Manitou Island to the main land, a distance of twelve miles over the ice, a feat that has not been performed for many years. Ducks and other fowl are found lying on the ice unable to find water and starving. A grebe was caught a few days ago. This is a species of the pelican family, and seldom seen as far south as this. Its home is about Hudson's Bay.

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons, for posting, the first of which has been scattered all over the United States. Of this one we sent out, gratis, nearly 100,000, which is our contribution to the great cause.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 1.

"So You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labelled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

Is a series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward line comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz: The street boy already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, at 10, the boodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

We have given away a hundred thousand of No. 1, and would be glad to follow it up, but it is impossible. We have made a price on them, however, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage, as follows:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

As we said this gives us no profit, the prices named covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute the wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening on this most important question. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others in quick succession.

OUR BOOKS.

Elsewhere we announce for sale or combination with the BLADE, five of the most interesting and useful books ever offered to the reading public. We want every reader of the BLADE to obtain one each of these books, and we have noticed that whoever orders one of the lot, eventually buys the other four. These books are all our own publication, clean, new, and not for sale elsewhere. On receipt of $6 50, *during this month only*, we will mail to any address, one each of the five books. We shall not again make this announcement, and the money must be remitted *this month*. The regular retail price of the five books is $10.50.

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The price of this widely circulated book has been reduced from $3.50 to $2.00, by mail postpaid. It is the best book of travels that has been written for years, and, at the reduced price, is the cheapest book on the market. It is just now a very timely book as its descriptions of Ireland and the Irish and the Tower of London are the best that have ever been put in print. The book is full of meat and should be in every library. Sent on receipt of price postpaid.

LARGE SALES.

We believe there are no books before the American public at the present time having so large a sale as "Health and Beauty" and "Social Etiquette." We have sold many thousands of them this winter, and the demand for them will not cease until every reader of the BLADE possesses them. We notice that every person who orders one of them is absolutely certain to follow with an order for the other. The price is only $1 each, by mail, postpaid. We are mailing hundreds of them every week. A full description of the books will be found on the eighth page of this issue. Readers will notice we publish the table of contents of one of the books each alternate week.

THE BEST BOOKS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Please notice our book announcement on fifth page. The publications of the Locke Publishing Company are the best of their class, and they are the cheapest first-class books on the market, and every one of them useful as well as entertaining. For any of these books, with or without the BLADE, address Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, O.

SEND US THE NAMES OF YOUR FRIENDS.

We ask every subscriber to the BLADE to send us the names of his friends who do not take the BLADE, everywhere. We don't care how many—the more the better, nor does it make any difference where they are. The BLADE circulates everywhere and a name from Texas is as good as one from Maine. Send us names.

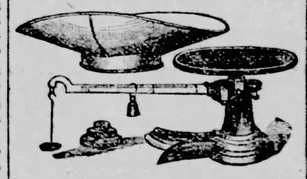
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—Ornament Your Homes.

The beautiful steel engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is the finest ever made, with one exception. It is a series of tableaux on one plate, 160 separate scenes, illustrating the progress of the Pilgrim from his home in the City of Destruction to the Heavenly Mansions. It cost to engrave $30,000, and was sold originally for $10. We own the plate, and we send it securely packed by mail for $1.25, or, with the BLADE one year for $2.00. There is no more beautiful ornament for the home, and nothing so valuable as an aid to the proper understanding of Bunyan's immortal allegory. If you are already taking the BLADE, procure us another subscriber, remit $2.00 and secure the wonderful engraving. We have sent out thousands of them, and every recipient has been delighted with it.

NOTICE our combination offers on fifth page. The books are the most valuable ever published, the watch is all that can be asked, and the engraving is a delight. If you want one or more of these articles, and are already taking the BLADE, get us another subscriber and save the discount. The article desired may go to one address and the paper to another. Only, to get the articles at the lowest price, a subscription must accompany the order. The price, without subscription and with, is stated clearly, so no mistake need be made.

The Blade AND SCALES.

For the benefit of farmers and others who have difficulty in securing good scales, THE WEEKLY BLADE offers the following:



"THE LITTLE DETECTIVE," as represented above, with or without scoop Scale (without scoop) and WEEKLY BLADE one year, $3.00, which is just the price of the Scale.

This little scale is made with Steel Bearings and Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from ¼ oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind has ever been sold before for less than from $8 to $10. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's lifetime.

It is also valuable in every office for weighing mail matter. There is no better Scale made for Postmasters, as it is as nicely adjusted as any Letter Balance.

REMEMBER, with WEEKLY BLADE one year, only.....$3.00

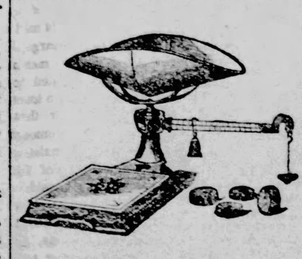
If you want a Scoop with the Scale, as represented above, the price with WEEKLY will be.....$3.35

Which is to say, you get the Scale as cheaply of us as you can buy it at the Factory, and you get the BLADE for nothing.

As with the Waterbury Watch, we warrant the Scale to be all that is represented, and to give perfect satisfaction.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $3.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25



THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE

Is made of nice smooth castings, heavy Tin Scoop, and a neat Brass Beam with upper row of figures for scoop, the lower row for platform, japanned black, neatly striped and bronzed.

This is a useful Family Scale, especially for farmers. Small parcels from one-half ounce up can be weighed in the scoop, and larger packages, up to 240 pounds, on the platform. The platform is 10x13½ inches, being large enough to weigh quite a good-sized box of soap or maple sugar, a barrel of potatoes or dried apples, a tub of butter, a cheese, sack of grain or wool, a quarter of beef, a dressed hog, and many other things that it is desirable to weigh.

These Scales are sent by express at the expense of the purchaser.

Address THE BLADE.

Thirty-seventh Annual Statement OF THE

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1, 1884, $8,406,379 48

Receipts during the year:

For Premiums	$1,647,215 99	
For Interest, etc	497,958 03	2,145,174 02
		$10,551,553 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death	$ 497,665 19	
Matured Endowments	41,523 00	
Surrendered Policies	139,038 82	
Cash and Note Dividends	867,192 55	
Re-insurance	4,962 45	
Total paid Policyholders	$1,042,423 01	
Taxes and Legal Expenses	$54,005 65	
Salaries, Medical Fees, and Office Expenses	88,458 81	
Commissions to Agents, Rents, etc	130,968 54	
Advertising, Printing, Supplies	17,838 55	
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, etc	3,475 48	1,417,223 39
Net Assets, January 1, 1885,		$9,144,330 14

ASSETS.

City Loans, Railroad and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks		$4,589,891 75
Mortgages and Ground Rents		2,185,053 17
Premium Notes Secured by Policies, etc		671,818 36
Loans on Collaterals, etc		599,050 01
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans		880,637 69
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand		216,949 36
Net Ledger Assets as above		$9,134,330 14
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums		164,560 75
Interest due and accrued, etc		45,101 12
Market Value of Stocks, Bonds, etc., and Real Estate over cost		319,892 25
Gross Assets Jan. 1, 1885		$9,663,884 26

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due	183,831 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks	8,054,215 00	
Surplus on Life Rate Endowments and Unreported Policies, etc	170,592 85	
Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,305,212 34	
		$9,663,884 26

Surplus at 4½ per cent., Pennsylvania Standard (Estimated).....$1,812,360 34

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
EDWARD M. NEEDLES, Vice-President.
H. S. STEPHENS, Second Vice-President.
HENRY C. BROWN, Secretary.
JESSE J. BARKER, Actuary.

ELECTRO Persons wishing to know anything about the "Great North" of Wisconsin, are requested to send stamp to B. F. Dorr, Antigo, Wis.

AUTHORS, poets, writers, of limited experience, send 2-cent stamp for assistance to Author's Department, Lafayette, Ind.

ANY LADY sending me 25 cents or a postal note I will send them Bleaching Powders to take out stains and freckles. No humbug. Mrs. M. E. YOUNG, Hackettstown, New Jersey.

PROF. HARRISS' Youthful Vigor Pills for Lost Manhood, Impotence and Nervous Debility sent sealed on receipt of price, $1. Prof. Harris, Chester, Ct.

INK RECIPES. Send 12 cents and get recipes by which millions of the best inks of colors, Black, Red and White, may be made at a trifling cost. Address M. A. Pfeifer, Mulberry Grove, Ills.

"YOU" Can communicate work now "and pay made that is surprising." Just send your name to the AUBURN ART UNION, Auburn, New York.

WANTED—A wide awake doctor. No competition. For particulars write to M. M. Bess, M. D., Cleveland, Hancock Co., Ind.

HOMES IN KANSAS.

For information in regard to farms in Kansas, address A. T. REED, Bethel, Kan.

WARDROBE FOR INFANTS.

10 patterns of either long or short clothes, sent for 50 cents with directions. Address SUPERIOR PATTERN CO., Eyota, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE—In Southeastern Illinois. No drought. No grasshoppers. For particulars enclose stamp. W. A. H. Cosby, Orange, Clark Co., Ill.

JUST THE THING FOR EXPERIENCED AGENTS, either ladies or gentlemen. Gridley's Patent Self-locking Picture Cards. Very ornamental, durable and cheap. Very liberal terms to canvassers. Send 2 cents for complete outfit, by mail, to D. PRICE & CO., Cherokee, Iowa, General Western Agents.

S. S. LUNGREN, M. D.
SURGEON,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Treats all the surgical and medical diseases of women. The removal of ovarian and other tumors a specialty. Ample accommodations provided for patients residing at a distance.

COLMAN'S RURAL WORLD.

The great Agricultural Weekly of the West. $1.50 per year. Sent balance of this year for $1.00. Samples free. Address NORMAN J. COLMAN, 813 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Seeds Given Away!

A PACKAGE Mixed Flower Seeds (40 kinds) with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for 2 stamps. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa.

☞ Write now. This notice will not appear again.

AGENTS. MEN and WOMEN. We have EXACTLY WHAT'S WANTED. ALBUMS and BIBLES. Finest and Best. Sweeping Reductions in Prices. Agents' sales increased tenfold. Get the Best. Also, a Grand New Book. Outfit free. Write us, to-day. ☞ This will not appear again.
A. J. SPRIGGS & CO., Cambridge, Ohio.

SURE HEAVE CURE.

This is an entirely new medicine, and is not a poisonous stimulant to check the disease for a few hours or days, to then return in a tenfold worse form than ever. It is a **positive sure cure for the Heaves, and will cure Heaves, Cough, Rattling in the Throat,** or any **Acute Affection of the Throat.** Ask your druggist for it. If he does not have it we will send one box by mail, prepaid, to any address, for $1.25. The retail price, or three cans for $3. Testimonials and authentic testimonials free. SURE HEAVE CURE CO., Silos Grove, Erie Co., Pa. T. K. Smith, Gen. Agent.

WANTED

Agents and Purchasers to send 20 cents. Will send our Upholstered Adjustable Head Rest. Can be adjusted to any car seat or house chair to suit height of any person, making a reclining chair. Don't travel without one in your pocket or satchel.

ADJUSTABLE HEAD REST CO., TOLEDO, O.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh positively cured or no pay. Fellow sufferer, you may think this is a broad assertion, yet I know whereof I speak. There is nothing strange under the sun. Remedies, doctors are dangerous. Thousands are filling premature graves from the abuse of disease. I also cure sick headache in every form. Remember, this is no humbug. It costs nothing to try it. If not satisfied yourself cut this out and hand it to some sufferer. Write for information address **DR. H. L. BACON**, Box 74, Hubbard, Oregon.

TO YOUNG MEN WHO WANT TO LEARN A TRADE!

A limited number of young men who want to learn a trade, and who have a little capital to invest where it will be absolutely safe, and get wages while they are learning their business, can find the opportunity by addressing H. E. PETTIN GILL, Toledo, Ohio.

This is genuine and bona fide. For responsibility character, and everything connected with this proposition, I refer to the Editor of the WEE

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XX.

The difficulties of learning short-hand have been much exaggerated, but a very funny description of them is that given by Dickens in "David Copperfield." The latter is looking for something to support himself and his beautiful Dora, and he decides to attempt stenography in order to report speeches in Parliament. This is the way he tells about his troubles:

I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence) and plunged into a sea of perplexity that brought me, in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else, entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like fishes' legs; the tremendous effects of cuts of a curve in a wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way, blindly, through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters; the most deep the characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, and that a pen and ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up, I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking.

However, he persevered until he was able to take down from a friend's dictation quite rapidly, when to his disgust he found that on looking them over he had not the least idea what his notes were about. He says:

As to reading them after I got them, I might as well have copied the Chinese inscriptions on an immense collection of tea chests, or the golden characters on all the great red and green bottles in the chemists' shops.

It was well for the encouragement of would-be stenographers that David's final victory stands recorded.

"What do you think about short-hand writing?" questions a young girl who is looking anxiously around for something which will give her an independence, the problem of self support having been presented to her, as to many others, for solution. "Is it a good employment for women?"

The question is very quickly answered. It is a most excellent means of earning a livelihood, if thoroly learned. That it is so is amply proved, for in cities where a few short years ago the number of women acting as amanuenses could be counted upon the fingers, they are now multiplied into hundreds, who get good salaries and are contented with their work. In good times when business is rushing, such situations are easy to be obtained, and they are no more difficult to gain when everything is at a low ebb as at present, than many others.

"What constitutes a good amanuensis?" asks the same eager questioner. I will tell you, and remember, that I include nothing which is not necessary to success:

First the ability to take down in short hand easily, rapidly, and *exactly*, so far as the meaning is concerned, anything which may be dictated for that purpose. This may include business letters, notes, statements, lectures, anything and everything which an employer may desire to have written without the drudgery of writing it himself.

Second, the power to transcribe these short hand notes into good English. Frequently, only the barest skeleton of what is intended is given, perhaps not more than a few leading points. If you can seize these and arrange them properly, enlarging where it is necessary, but bringing out a harmonious whole, you will be doing one part of your work well.

These are the two requisites of an accomplished amanuensis. The next thing is to know how to become mistress of the art.

Before deciding upon this occupation, ask yourself a few questions as to your qualifications, whether they are what are needed. You must have a good memory; must be quick of apprehension, that is, ready to catch an idea from a few words and digest its meaning; you should have a thoro common school education, being particularly good in grammar, orthography, punctuation, etc.; you must have the faculty of concentration, or the power to keep your attention true to one thing, no matter what of interest may be going on about you. You must not be easily made nervous and confused, and a careless, slovenly way of working is fatal.

These queries answered satisfactorily, the next thing is to put yourself in the way of learning. The question is often asked whether the art can be acquired without a teacher. It is a very possible thing. In fact many of the best stenographers in the country are self-taught. Yet, if it is possible for you to do so, I should advise your taking private lessons. It will save you a great deal of hard work and expenditure of energy which it is as well to avoid if practicable. Your teacher should be a practical stenographer and two lessons a week if you are bright and capable, ought to make you, in from nine months to a year, capable of filling a fair position. Private instruction usually costs about $1 a lesson, though it varies in places.

There are good schools of stenography and many poor ones. Fight shy of any that promises to graduate you in six months an accomplished stenographer. They are like those systems of musical education which tell of producing skilled performers in such short spaces of time. The price for a course of 120 lessons, in short-hand is about $75. This is in New York. West of this the price is generally $10 a month. For this sum you can receive instruction every school day of the month, or as many as you choose, and you can continue as long as you wish.

If you can neither take private lessons nor attend a good school, send for books and set about acquiring the art yourself. "What system is best?" I hear you asking. Any or all of those delineating Pitman's, or having his as the foundation are good, and you will not be likely to make a mistake in getting such books. They may differ upon minor points, but these are immaterial. You want to acquire the phonetic principles—not stenographic—which are the same in all. Graham's system is the fastest, but I am told it is far more difficult.

Once master of the principles, no matter how attained, and the rest all depends upon yourself. It is then practice, *practice*, PRACTICE. As in music, there can be no half-way work about this. You must, as the saying goes, get your hand in and keep it there. Herein lies all of the hardships of this profession.

Before you can hope to do anything in the way of earning wages, you must be able to write from 80 to 100 words a minute. You will readily understand why this is so, when you remember that an ordinary speaker utters from 125 to 150 words a minute. In few other professions is the employment and recompense in such rigid ratio to the skill, and the skill is measured by the power to increase the words written in a minute beyond the 100 which is considered the measure of an ordinary writer's ability. Over this the salary increases rapidly. I was given, as a proof of this the following instance: A railroad man, who desired an amanuensis, while waiting for one suited for the position, employed a skilled stenographer for two or three hours a day who could write as fast as a person could speak. The latter was offered $150 a month to assume the position permanently, altho one who could write 100 words a minute could be obtained for $80 a month.

As said before, with diligence and perseverance, you can learn to write 100 words a minute in from nine months to a year, but to be capable of compassing 150 words in dictation, and under pressure 175 words, would require at least two years more of hard work, but once gained and constant employment at a salary never less than $1,800 and reaching up to $2,000 a year is certain.

In the beginning, however, a lady amanuensis will receive a sum ranging from $7 to $10 a week. This she will get when she can write but 80 words a minute. With effort and practice speed will soon increase, but it is the few and not the many who reach the rapidity which I before mentioned. Exceptional indeed as yet are they who go beyond 120 words, and it may be said, that is quite equal to, if not above, the average.

Girls as young as 16, and women as old as 50, have learned and used shorthand. In some schools, scholars under 18 are not taken. Age, however, has less to do with it than temperement, ability and perseverance.

The positions open to women, or usually occupied by them, are clerkships in private offices with lawyers, editors, etc., in large mercantile establishments, and in some railroad offices. The most expert stenographers are those employed as court reporters, taking down testimony and afterwards reducing it to writing. Few women have yet attained the skill to do this work, though I am told there are two in Cincinnati who compete with men successfully in this direction, receiving for their labor $10 a day, and in addition eight cents a hundred words for transcribing.

You can easily see that in this occupation there is room for ambition to wrk to carry out its aims, that no one need sit down content with mediocrity, because there are no greater heights to climb; that climbed, the results are always just as valuable as fancy painted them; in short that industry and perseverance, energy and enthusiasm bring skill that finds a ready and remunerative market.

A stenographer should, of necessity, be able to use the type writer. This is very easily learned, needing little instruction, not more than the running of a sewing machine. In fact, the type writing machine is less complex, and requires a less knowledge of mechanics to operate it effectively. Two weeks' practice of two or three hours a day will be sufficient to make you an adept, and you are then well armed and equipped for your work. In some places there are rooms where instructions can be had, or a machine can be rented for a certain length of time, and the use of it acquired at home. If you are able to buy one so much the better. The best cost $100.

There are positions to be obtained where type-writing is all that is needed but these are not, of course, so well paid. Nine dollars a week for ten hours a day is considered fair wages. The usual working hours for short-hand amanuenses are from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Soiled Linen Receptacle.—This is a very convenient article in all families, and may be made quite pretty. Get an ordinary flour barrel. Line the inside with dark red paper muslin. This may be pasted in. Have some gay figured cretonne, and lay it in box plaits over the outside. This needs to be done very neatly. Tack them around the upper edge and fold them under the lower edge and tack them on the bottom. Make a lambrequin around the top of Turkey red calico, cut in points. Transfer cretonne flowers upon each point and finish with a tassel. Cover the lid with cretonne inside and out, and finish the edge with a box plaiting of the red, or with a heavy cord. For a handle take a strip of stiff buckram and cover it with turkey red, sewing the edge around over stitch. Then nail the ends down with brass headed nails, having it placed so the handle is just in the center of the top. Tassels are also placed between the points of the lambrequin.

Convenient Rag Bag.—Take a round hoop with a wire bail and wooden handle attached, cover these with some bright color; mine is scarlet. Then take 1 yard of blue canton flannel, sew together lengthwise, and round a piece just the size of the hoop and join to the yard which forms the bottom of the bag; join the top of bag to the hoop; then take a straight piece of scarlet, cut in 4 points and scollop the edge, sew to the bag on inside, turn over the hoop and let drape on the outside. Hang up. Very pretty.—MRS. E. B. WARRINGTON.

Table Spread.—A very handsome table spread may be made by applying triangular pieces of velvet or plush on each corner of a square of felt. Decorate each piece with Arnasene painting or embroidery and finish with a rich fringe. Use any colors and cheaper materials if desired.—W. D.

Pretty Table Scarf.—Set up work as wide as the scarf is desired and crochet with macrame cord, leaving spaces for ribbons as long as necessary. Add a heavy fringe and run ribbons in the openings left. This is very pretty, yet I have never seen one described.—WINNIE DOWS, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; to, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; c ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

A Pretty Pattern for Worsted Lace for Shirt.—Cast on eighteen stitches and knit across plain: 1st row—k 3—t o—n—k 1—t o twice—n—k 7—t o—n—k 1; 2d row—t o—n—k 10—p 1—k 3—t o—n—k 1; 3d row—k 3—t o—n—k 11—t o—n—k 1; 4th row—t o—n—k 12—p 1—k 3—t o—n—k 1; 5th row—k 3—t o—n—k 1—t o twice—n—t o twice—n—k 6—t o—n—k 1; 6th row—t o—n—k 9—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—t o—n—k 1; 7th row—k 3—t o—n—k 13—t o—n—k 1; 8th row—t o—n—k 16—t o—n—k 1; 9th row—k 3—t o—n—k 1—t o twice—n—t o twice—n—t o twice—n—k 6—t o—n—k 1; 10th row—t o—n—k 9—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—t o—n—k 1; 11th row—k 3—t o—n—k 10—t o—n—k 6—t o—n—k 1; 12th row—n 7 together, place knit stitch back on needle with rest—k 1—n—k 13—t o—n—k 1; repeat from first row. Abbreviations—k means knit; t o, thread over needle; n, narrow; p, purl or seam.—LIZZIE.

Perfection Shell Edge.—Cast on 23 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—sl 1—k 2—t o 2 and p 2 tog—t o 1 and p 2 tog—(k 3)—t t o 2 and k 2 tg (or narrow)—k 7—t t o 2 and p 2 tog—k 1; 2d row—k 1—t t o 2 and p 2 tog—k 8—k 1st loop and p 2d—(k 3)—t t o 2 and p 2 tg—o 1 and p 2 tog—k 3; 3d row—sl 1—k 2—t t o 2 and p 2 tog—o 1 and p 2 tog—k 13—t t o 2 and p 2 tog—k 1; 4th row—k 1—t t o on t p 2 tog—k 13 and continue from * on 2d row; 5th row—k 1—k 2—t o 2 and p 2 tog—o 1 and p 2 tog—(k 3)—t t o 2 and n—t t o 2 and n—k 6—o 2 and p 2 tog—k 1; 6th row—k 1—t t o 2 and p 2 tog—k 15—(by k 1 loop and p 1 when the t t o thread is reached) and continue from * in 3d; 7th row—like 3d only k 15 plain; 8th row—like 4th only k 15 plain; 9th row—k 2—t o 2 and p 2 tog—o 1 and p 2 tog—(k 3)—t t o 2 and n—t t o 2 and n—t t o 2 and n—k 6—t t o 2 and p 2 tog—k 1; 10th row—k 1—t t o and p 2 tog—k 18—(k 1st loop and p 2 of all 3 t t o stitches) and continue from * in 2d row; 11th row—like 3d only k 18 plain; 12th row—k 1—t t o and p 2 tog—k 6 and with the left hand needle sl 5 stitches, 1 at a time, over the 6th, then k plain to * on 2d and continue; 13th row—sl 1—k 2—t t o and p 2 tog—o 1 and p 2 tog—k 12 plain—t o 2 and p 2 tog—k 1; 14th row—t t o 2 and p 2 tog—k 12 and continue from *. Commence at 1st. By knitting the (3) inclosed stitches twisted the work is much improved.—SPARKLE.

Correspondence.

GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.—In this letter I want to tell you some uses for vaseline, cosmoline and some other kinds of grease, that are not commonly known. Cosmoline and vaseline are products of the coal oil. They are about the same in their effects. The great difference in them is their looks. Vaseline is much whiter and nicer than cosmoline. They can be bought very cheap at a drug store by buying a quantity. For 10 cents you will get an ounce of vaseline but for 20 cents you can get a pound.

Now for some of its uses. For catarrh, cold in the head or hay fever, keep the face saturated night and day with vaseline. Early in the morning wash the face with as hot water as can be borne and apply the vaseline. Do not rub it in but just smooth it over with the hand. It is soon absorbed and will not look greasy long. Thus you have a nice soothing protection for the face all day. In the evening repeat the process. If the face is not smutty or dirty there will be no need of washing it but once a day. When you do wash, however, always use hot water while using vaseline. Twice a day is often enough to use it in ordinary cases, but if it is a very acute case the vaseline may be applied oftener. Remember you cannot use too much: the danger is that you will not use enough to be benefited as vaseline can benefit.

And here ladies let me whisper a word in your ear. Vaseline is said to have a very beautifying effect on the complexion when applied in this way.

The foundation for hay fever is laid in the cold weather in winter. Therefore, if those thus afflicted, will keep their faces from now until next September saturated with vaseline, I promise them exemption from hay fever next summer. Try it.

To dress an ulcer or a felon after they are done discharging, vaseline has no equal. For chapped hands also, it has no equal. This is all about vaseline for the present. When I hear some more of its uses I will tell them to you. Next comes hog's lard. I want to tell you what was done with that once and the effect it had. Where I was boarding a little girl was attacked with scarlet fever. The doctor was sent for. He came and ordered the child saturated from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet with hog's lard, twice a day, morning and evening. It was done, and the effect was simply magical. It calmed the fever right down every time, and in a few days the child was as well as ever.

The next thing is hen's oil, and the good I once knew of its doing. A friend of our's was much afflicted with piles. He traveled a long distance and submitted to operations, but only grew worse, and what to do they did not know. An old sailor came along and asked permission to stay all night. It was granted. In the evening he noticed the sick man and inquired what was the matter. He was told. He says, "Try hen's oil for it." They did so, and it cured him. This was before the day of vaseline. I would not be surprised if it would do good here as well as in other places.

Well, I will draw my greasy letter to a close. The information contained in it was gained by observation and experience, and it cost lots of money, too. I am so conceited as to think to many a one it will be worth, at least, the price of a year's subscription to this paper. If so, I shall be rewarded for my trouble and pains.

The next time I come I am going to talk about the stamp movement. We must have it. Oh, how much good we could do with one hundred thousand stamps a week. We could reap a blessing every time.

When I saw how willing all the ladies were to give stamps to buy the sick lady a chair, I said I knew they would be just as willing to give for other good causes, and it seems as though "the fields were white for the harvest, but the laborers were few." Let us pray, therefore, for "laborers for this harvest.—MISS L.

THE OTHER SIDE.—One week or more ago, in the HOUSEHOLD department of your paper, was an article devoted to Poultry-keeping, and as much has been written upon the subject "as a work for women," I wish to give the experience of two young ladies of our household, with its mingled success and failure. Last spring late in March, having given attention during the winter months, to a number of poultry journals, articles in the New York *Tribune* and BLADE, a coop ten feet by twelve, was built of rough lumber, lined with tarred felt, and provided with a large window, and perchys of the most approved pattern. When finished and filled with 25 chickens, it cost was $30. The fowls were for the most part, Silver Spangled Hamburgs and Black Spanish, with a few White Leghorns and dark Brahmas. Sixty young chicks were hatched, and all but two successfully reared. Every morning one of the young ladies devotes the larger part of the forenoon to the poultry yard. The coop is thoroughly cleaned, the perches are given an application of kerosene, bones are pounded, sand, lime, and charcoal given the birds, and a dust bath provided. Milk has been one of the articles of diet. The result has been an abundance of eggs, except during the months of October and November, when the old fowls are moulting. In December, the flock having been reduced to 35 hens, eleven dozen eggs were gathered, in January 24 dozen, and during the ten days of this month, ten dozen. This is entirely the result of care, as the winter has been one of unusual severity, and not one of many neighboring flocks have produced to exceed three dozen eggs during the entire winter. It has somewhat tried the courage of our young ladies to sweep paths through the deep snow, and it has also, at times, benumbed the fingers, to tie up the ears of corn, heads of cabbage, and turnips which are suspended, to give the fowls employment and exercise. These drawbacks have been partially compensated for, by the evident appreciation of the birds, that have become very pleasant pets, showing their love for their friends in various ways. One feature of the care of the summer proved an entire failure. A large number of sunflowers were planted and carefully cultivated, producing an enormous crop of blossoms, but when the seeds began to ripen, the sparrows discovered their good qualities, and appropriated the whole. Another feature of the work has failed to render entire satisfaction, and that is the dividends. With all the care, the profit above the keeping, for ten months, are $16, a sum hardly large enough to provide "a way for exhausted teachers to repair both nerves and fortune." Perhaps this experiment if entitled "Poultry keeping for pleasure and profit," might be considered a success, the pleasure large and the profits small.—ANNA, Toledo, O.

Inquiries.

How should a story intended for "Our Young Folks" in the BLADE be directed? The directions on the envelope, I mean.—BIPED.

Address to "BLADE Young Folks."—ED.

Please answer through the columns of your paper if there is anything that will cure the itching and stinging in the disease called the shingles. I wish to give a remedy for corns and bunions. Take bar soap, slice thin, moisten and bind on the parts affected. If that draws too hard, apply sweet oil.—MARY J. STEVENS, Fort Dodge, Webster co., Iowa.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE give a cure for cold, sweaty feet?—A SUBSCRIBER, J. F.

Wash them in hot water every night. Then bathe them off before wiping with a solution of water and carbolic acid, two per cent. of the latter. Use a good deal of friction in drying them. This will be likely to help, if it does not cure you. Of course your physical system is out of order.—ED.

In January 29 of the BLADE "Moss Rose" tells us of a preparation for the hair which prevents its falling off. The ingredients were alcohol, castor oil and sulphur. Will she be kind enough to tell just what proportion of each to use and oblige?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some one please tell me what will prevent or cure cholera in chickens; also, whether it injures fruit to stand in a brass kettle after it is cold.—L. S.

A remedy for chicken cholera was given in a late issue. Fruit should not be allowed to stand in a brass kettle. There is generally a little acid in it, which is likely to unite with the brass and form a poisonous combination.—ED.

Seeing a recipe in your best of all papers, the good old BLADE, for making hard soap, and as we intended moving to Kansas in a few days, thought hard soap would be more easily packed away and carried. I bought the ingredients as the recipe said, and as I had no brass or copper kettle, used iron with poor result. It does not seem to have any strength to it; will not make suds. Now what puzzled me, did she mean use all the ingredients, or just the water that raised on top, and that was a very small amount? If "Old House-keeper" will come to the rescue and explain, she will greatly oblige.—MRS. WILBER F. NEWHOUSE, Argus P. O., Marshall county, Ind.

Will some kind reader give directions for knitting mits for summer use. Please state the No. of silk and how much it will take to make a pair the length of a six button glove?—H. C. COY, Wilmore, Kan.

Will some of the sisters give me directions for coloring a pair of white silk mits black?—A FRIEND OF THE BLADE.

Will some one please give directions for crotcheting collar—using the feather edge braid—for child? Directions for crotcheting trimming out of rick-rack braid.—MRS. E. S. M.

What are the addresses of several different books on silk culture? Will Mrs. Dr. Ball tell me what instructions she thinks best to follow, and the address and price of such book, in regard to silk culture?—ANNA B. TOMSON, Dover, Shawnee co., Kan.

Will the editor or some member of the Household, please tell me whether it is possible to learn the art of glove making without a teacher? If so, give the address of some firm that can furnish instructions and patterns for men's gloves.—L. D.

Can any of the ladies of the Household, inform me if the feather edged braid can be got in black silk? If so, where, and also, where would I send to get any of the braids used in making black silk laces?—Mrs. D. G. FLOSS.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what is the matter with my jelly? It is thin and ropey. How can I remedy it?

I also desire a recipe for making apple-butter.

Will the editor please tell me how many postoffices there are in the United States?

The latest Postal Guide, which is official, gives the number as 50,753.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Answer to Mrs. F. Sheby: Mix ¼ pint New Orleans molasses and one rounding teaspoonful of pulverized rosin. Take one teaspoonful twice a day. Miss E. M.

In reply to Maria Warne, as to how to take down off a duck, I think if she will try the following she will be satisfied: Have a large kettle of water hot as for scalding chickens; when the duck is dead but not cold, dip in the water with all the feathers on; with a stick keep turning it, and try a few feathers till scalded enough; then pick off long feathers from the wings and tail in a separate vessel, and proceed with the rest as if it were a chicken. Put the feathers in a bag and hang up by the chimney, or if the sun is nice hang out doors. Try and report. Shake the feathers occasionally.

E. M. D., Harrell, Ill.

"Maria Warne," if you will singe your ducks thoroughly, you can scrape them with a dull knife to your satisfaction in a moment. And now, for a change for "Hubby," suppose you try my way of cooking ducks. As mine are wild, and sometimes badly peppered with shot, I like to soak them all night in salt and water, then cover them with water in a kettle and boil. When tender, place them in a skillet with butter and brown them all over, remove and pour the liquor into the skillet and thicken for gravy. Should like to hear from you again. Do you raise Pekin ducks? I want to hear of some.—A HUNTER'S WIFE.

To the lady of Winamee, Pulaski county, Ind., who wishes some suggestion about writing in her little girl's autograph album, I will say that the following seems a very appropriate inscription:

"Little daughter, may your head,
Resting in its trundle bed,
Be the font whence knowledge flows,
More than precious mamma knows."

I am glad to be able to give this sister some help in regard to her trouble with ducks' down. I had a duck. After considerable work with feathers and down, which availed nothing, I hit upon a very effective plan. I dissected the bird, and after scraping the inside vigorously I found the down nicely loosened on the outside. Of course, there were some hairs and down that could not be removed in this way, and these I easily pulled through on the inside with the aid of tonsorial tweezers.

But I would suggest that she is not raising the right kind of a duck. The difficulty of picking the American duck has led me to invest in a foreign species. I now have a Kamtschatka duck, also a Madagascar duck, either of which is preferable to the American duck, as they have no down and but a handful of feathers.—KANSAS GIRL.

In reply to P. Mo's. inquiry as to a remedy for measle cough I send the following: Get five cents worth of best licorice, five cents worth of potash, (the kind used for sore throats) and five cents worth of Irish moss. I have forgotten the other name. I had the measles three years ago and coughed the whole year summer and winter. I tried everything I head of but without success until I heard of the above. Take ¾ of the above recipe, pour on ¼ teacupful boiling water, let it get cold. Take a teaspoonful three times a day. Please let me know if the above proves a success.—MISS. S. A. STEVENS, Smithville, Wayne county, Ohio.

Tell "Mary Warne," if she will scald her duck thoroughly and wrap up in a piece of old quilt and let it steam a few minutes, it will pick as easily as a chicken. Have tried the wide sawtooth face by "Mamie Drayton," it is very pretty. I can send directions for knitting leggins if any one would like. I have learned a great deal from the HOUSEHOLD, and hope I can help some one else in return.—M. C. B., Ada, Mich.

Having seen a request in the HOUSEHOLD for a recipe to make sausage, will send one we have used, and like very much. Take 3 ozs. salt, 1 of pepper, ½ oz. sage to 10 lbs. meat.—MRS. N. W. WINTON, Lebanon, Marion county, Ky.

To the lady suffering with piles: Make an ointment of best tobacco and fresh lard and apply. This cured me when the doctor refused to come, saying he had done all in his power for me.—MRS. C. KICHLER.

In answer to the inquiry made by "Minnesota Girl," I would say, use either light or dark colored as your taste dictates. In either case the piece should be relieved by embroidery or painting. It adds much to the beauty of the work if both large and small pieces are used, decorating the former with paintings and embroidery.—WINNIE DOWS.

Mrs. Kate B., Pittsfield, Mass., wants to know how to decorate flower pots. The following is given in "Fancy Work and House Decoration:" Get a common red pot and trace a pattern in pencil all over the surface, scrolls, flowers, leaves, heraldic griffins or any pattern in which the ground does not occupy an unfair share. Next, with black tube oil paint fill in either the ground or the pattern, leaving the rest the original red. Varnish when dry or not, according to taste.

The effect is very pretty. Yes, you can still get "Fancy Work and House Decoration" by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Recipes.

English Tea Cake.—Six eggs, leaving out the whites of 4, ¾ lb. loaf sugar, ½ lb. butter, 1 teaspoonful of soda, dissolved. Large spoonful of vinegar, flavor with any essence you may like best—I prefer lemon—mix soft, roll thin and cut with cake cutter.—N. A. S.

Grape Ketchup.—This was published once before, but a mistake was made in the amount of sugar: Five lbs. of grapes after they are picked from off the stems, cook and strain to take out the seeds and skins, 2 lbs of sugar, 1 pint of vinegar, ten spoonful of cloves and allspice, tablespoonful of cinnamon; boil down to two quarts.—E. A. H. D.

Pork Cake.—One lb. of pork chorped fine, 2 cupfuls of boiling water, 2 cupfuls of coffee sugar, 1 cupful of molasses, 7 cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 1 teaspoonful of nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful of allspice, 2 lbs. of fruit, more or less.—PRAIRIE FLOWER.

Cookies Without Eggs.—"Hattie" asks for "cookies without eggs." Use the following and she will be pleased. Two cupfuls sugar, ½ cupful butter, 1 cupful sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Mix with the flour, flour enough to roll. Season to suit taste. Splendid also for jelly cake. Please try and tell us how you like it.—SODA.

Preserved Eggs.—Eggs may be preserved for a long time by rubbing over the shell with tallow or oil, in order to fill all the pores and so exclude the air, the presence of which would in due course make them go wrong. Further, if the contents of an egg be placed in a plate and thoroughly dried in an oven, the whole will become hard and horny, and may be kept in this condition for years without showing any signs of badness, moisture as well as air being essential to the process of putrefaction. Eggs thus dried, having been soaked in cold water and then boiled, will hardly differ in flavor and taste from an ordinary boiled egg.—B. H.

Pickled Apples.—Pare and quarter sweet apples, then steam in clear water until a fork can easily pierce them; 3 lbs. of sugar to 7 lbs. of apples, and spices to suit the taste; heat vinegar enough to cover, and pour over them.

Sausage.—To 30 lbs. of meat add 9 ozs. of salt, 12 ozs. of ground sage, 1 large spoonful of savory, 1 cupful of sugar, 3 ozs. black pepper and 1 table spoonful of ground mustard.

Buns.—Stir at night 3 cupfuls of sweet milk, 1 cupful yeast, 1 cupful sugar, with flour enough to make a very stiff batter; in the morning add 1 cupful butter and 1 cupful currents. Make out and put into tins.

A Sure Cure for a Felon.—Take a common sized lemon and divide it into two equal parts; insert the end of the finger in one of these pieces and let it remain until the juice is nearly extracted. If it is no better, renew the application until a cure is effected. Two or three lemons will always be sufficient.

Sugar Cookies.—1 egg, 1 teacupful white sugar, ½ teacupful butter, 3 tablespoonfuls sour cream, 1 scant teaspoonful soda, a little lemon or nutmeg, mix stiff, roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

Molasses Cookies.—1 teacupful lard, 2 cupfuls molasses, 1 cupful brown sugar, 1 cupful hot water, 2 tablespoonfuls soda, 1 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger. Mix soft and bake quick. A hot oven is necessary to bake a good cookie.

Cream Fruit Cake.—1 cupful brown sugar, 1 egg, butter the size of an egg, 1 cupful sour cream, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 cupful raisins, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, ½ nutmeg, 2 cupfuls flour. ALICE.

—"That tired feeling" from which you suffer so much, particularly in the morning, is entirely thrown off by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Our Young Folks.

"NINE, TEN, A GOOD FAT HEN."

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

Wake, baby, wake!
The bright morning is breaking,
And down in the garden the old mother-hen,
With a cluck and a cackle of pride, is awaking,
Her downy wee darlings, her little ones ten.
She is pretty and plump, and as white as new milk,
And her chicks' yellow feathers are softer than silk;
A wonderful clamor the tiny things make!—
Baby, wake!

Coo, baby, coo!
To the open door creeping,
Your bread and milk stands on the sunshiny sill:
Right after its mother each chicken runs peeping,
A round, fluffy ball, with a wide yellow bill;
No pretty blue bowl for their breakfast have they,
For babies and chickens have each their own way;
They like their nice crumbs, and your bread and milk, you.—
Baby, coo!

Laugh, baby, laugh!
From your fair little fingers
The yellow corn falls in a scattering rain;
And never a chick in the eager brood lingers.—
They hurry and scramble to pick up the grain,
A flutter of feathers that shine in the sun,
A chirping and scolding, a rush and a run,
Too greedy, the feathery babies, by half!—
Baby, laugh!

Sleep, baby sleep!
The long shadows are falling,
And down in the garden the pretty white hen,
With a cluck and a cackle, is sleepily calling
Her darlings together, her little ones ten.
She broods soft above them, the droway wee things,
That hide in the shade of her motherly wings,
And babies and chickens to Slumberland creep.—
Baby, sleep!

—*Our Little Ones.*

SNOWED IN.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.

One cloudy winter morning, not less than twenty years ago, there was an unusual commotion about a certain little old house standing far up on the St. John river.

Within, Mrs. Grace sat before the great fire-place in the fore-room, so bundled up in shawls and blankets and hoods that she could scarcely stir. In a warm corner of the hearth lay three or four hot bricks, well wrapped in newspapers, and two home-made robes were hanging across a chair to warm—everything indicating preparations for a long, cold journey. Without, Mr. Grace was hitching the old red mare into the thills of the still older red pung, that looked as if it might have come over in the Mayflower. His round, good-natured face wore a troubled expression, and he jerked at old Dolly's bit once or twice in an ungentle way which wasn't like himself.

The small part of Mrs. Grace's face that was visible among the folds of her home-knit hood showed the same look of anxiety; and her voice trembled a good deal when she spoke to the children, and gave Charly her last directions. There were four of the children—Dean and Emmy, and Joe and Charly—though Charly was not one of the Grace Children. Mrs. Grace had taken her, a wee lame mite, when there was no one else to take her, and she often declared she couldn't and didn't love one of her own little ones better than she could and did love Charly. Emmy and Dean and Joe were round, rosy little bodies, of 3 and 5 and 7 years, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. Charly was 11, and she was neither round nor rosy. Her face was thin, and her eyes large and shadowy. And Charly was lame; there was a pair of tiny crutches always by her chair.

"I couldn't think of going," said Mrs. Grace, "if Charly wasn't the wise, patient little mother I know she is. I never was so worried in my life. But what can I do?"

It was a hard question to answer, indeed. For the night before had come a letter to Mrs. Grace from her sister in a distant town saying that her mother—the children's dear old grandmamma—was very, very ill. "Come at once," the letter read; and it was a week old when Mr. Ringgold, who lived two miles above them, but was yet their nearest neighbor in the sparsely-settled region, brought it from the postoffice, five miles below. It was little to be wondered at that the tears filled poor Mrs. Grace's eyes, that her lips quivered, and her voice shook.

"I couldn't do it if it wasn't for trusting in Charly so," she repeated time and again, in tones that brought a pretty glow to Charly's thin little face. "I know you'll take good care of them, dear. There's bread enough baked, and I've left the jar of doughnuts in the closet."

"Oh, good again!" cried Joe. "Can't we have all we want? Won't it be fun, Charly?"

"You must have what Charly gives you," said Mrs. Grace, "and attend to what Charly says. I've locked the pantry door so you can't bother her by running in and out. Now—" She looked at Charly as the outer door opened.

"I'll do just the best I can," said Charly, bravely.

"I know you will, dear. Be good children, all of you."

"There's wood enough piled up in the entry to last you" said Mr. Grace, a little huskily. "We shall be back day after to-morrow night, sure. All ready, wife." And a few moments later old Dolly was jogging at her best pace down the snowy level of the river. It was 30 long miles to Dunbar Corner.

"I wish they were home again," said Joe.

"They will be before you know it," laughed Charly. "Now I'll tell you a story."

So the three little ones cuddled around Charly's chair before the open fire while she told them the wonderful tale of the "Three Tiny Pigs;" and from first to last they listened breathlessly, though they had heard the same story many times before, no doubt. Charly had a wonderful gift for telling stories, Mrs. Grace often declared.

And Charly had a gift for something besides story-telling. When the stories came to an end she smiled.

"Bring me my box, will you, Joey, please?" Charly asked. Her poor little limbs were so weak and misshapen that it was with difficulty that she could move about, even with the aid of crutches.

Joe obeyed, climbing up on the wide four-posted bed in the corner, and taking from a shelf above it a square wooden box with a sliding cover. Dean and Emmy knew what was coming then.

"Give me the kitty," pleaded Emmy.

"And me the mooses," said Dean.

"They're deers, goosey," said Joe, with a little scornful sniff. "Let me see all of 'em, won't you, Charly?"

Charly smiled in the brightest way, and pulled off the cover. Shall I tell you what were there? The daintiest little images under the sun, carved all in wood, and the largest one scarcely four inches high. It is true, they were the work of a single awkward tool in untaught fingers, but if you had seen them I am sure you would not have helped exclaiming with Joe and Dean and Emmy, "Oh, Charly, how pretty they are."

They were exceedingly true to life, too. There was the old house cat, which Emmy instantly appropriated—why, you could almost hear her drowsy purr—and there were Dean's "mooses" with their delicate branching horns, and a pair of rabbits eating clover, and a cunning creeping baby, and there was old Dolly herself, standing with drooping head and lopped ears—lazy Dolly.

"I'd know her anywhere," laughed Joe.

Charly laughed too, and fingered her treasures lovingly. Her cheek glowed and her eyes were starry.

"Do you think they're nice?" she asked—"as nice as some they have at the stores at Christmas time, Joey?"

"Nicer," returned Joe, in a tone expressive of great wisdom and experience, "a whole heap nicer,"

"Well," pursued Charly, "I'm going to make all I can, and when I get enough I'll send them to sell. Mrs. Ringgold said they ought to be half a dollar apiece."

"O-oh!" cried Joe, quite taken aback by this prospect of unbounded wealth. "What'll you do with so much?"

"I know," put in Dean. "You'll get cured, won't you, Charly?"

The quick tears sprang to Charly's dark eyes. "I will if I can," said she, and she pulled Emmy to her, and hid her face in the baby's yellow curls. "Maybe I can't."

"Mr. Ferks said you could if you could go to see Dr. Lester. He can cure everything."

"But it'll cost a great deal of money—maybe $100," said Charly. "I'd have to make 200 of these, Joey."

"Well, you ain't going to wait that long," declared Joe stoutly. "Father says just as soon's this old farm pays anything, he's going to take you to Fredericton to see Dr. Lester. Maybe 'twill pay next summer; we're going to have a cow then. And we haven't been here long enough yet, you know."

"That'll be real nice," said she. "Now, after dinner, I'll cut out something more."

"I think it's real fun," said Joe. But Charly shook her head and smiled again.

Well, that day passed, and the next, and all the time the sun did not show his face. The clouds hung heavy and black and dark came early, and weather-wise Joe, with his face against the window-pane, prophesied a storm.

"I hope 'twon't come, though, till father and mother are home," said he.

It did, however. When the children awoke the next morning the snow was falling fast and steadily in large flakes. It had grown very much colder, too, in the night. Poor little Joe's teeth chattered spitefully, even after he had raked open the bed of coals in the fire-place, and built a roaring fire. The wind came up with the sun; it whistled and raved along the bleak river shore in a way that set the timbers of the old house to creaking dolefully.

"I don't believe they'll come to-night," said Joe, when dark began to fall.

"Won't they, Charly?"

"Oh, Charly, won't 'em?"

"Do you s'pose a wolf chased father an' mother?" asked Joe, with a dismal quiver, breaking in upon the narrative of the "Tiny Pig."

"A wolf couldn't catch our Dolly," said Dean, quickly. "She's too smart—and big."

Charly laughed. For the world she would not have acknowledged that such a possibility had occurred to her own mind.

"It's the storm that keeps them," she said, cheerily. "It's a dre

LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move
A muscle.

From 188 lbs to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R. FITZPATRICK.

Dublin, June 6, '84.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache,

Neuralgia, female troubles, for years, in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bott o
Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a liver

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him, and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters.

"Why should more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost
Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

How to get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums you see advertised, and you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Be sure genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE.

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

FOR ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE RELIEVING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. "SO

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, postpaid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Enclose 3c stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answered and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications must be written by one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

PEANUT CULTURE.—We have a storm of inquiries for the address of "Jasper County." We cannot give it. If "Jasper County," will write to us, inquirers can send for seed, it will pay him. Largely to advertise in the BLADE, but we cannot advertise him free.

WHAT AILS THE COW?—Will you please inform me through your valuable paper if there is a remedy for my cow? Two years ago I think she took cold when she calved, and I can get very little milk out of two teats. I have tried everything I could, but did no good, and had to let them go dry. Last spring when she calved the milk came in the last all right, but it will not come through the upper part of the teats; so I have to let them go dry. The upper part of the udder is soft as the lower part. She is a valuable cow. She will come in in April. She is a valuable cow. J. H., Spring Valley, Fillmore Co., Minn.

SWEET POTATOES.—Tell how to raise plants, how to prepare soil and how to work them. What kind is best in soil and potatoes? J. F. W., Sherretts, Arms Co., Pa.

SPRING HALT.—Can some of the many readers of the BLADE tell me of a positive cure for string halt of a horse's hind legs. One of my horses, in the act of stepping his right hind leg, brings it up some two feet high with a jerk before he puts it down again. The horse is a valuable one only for that trouble, and I would be very glad to know a sure cure for him, or for that disease.—C. C., Fiskville, Travers county, Tex.

MISCELLANEOUS INQUIRIES.—Will Russian mulberry or gray willow make a good wind-break and hedge for an orchard, as they do not have the thorns of the Osage orange? 2. Can the sunflower be raised as a practical crop annually without getting weeds in the farm, as shown through scattering of seed by the wind or manure piles? 3. Can I stop a wash through the farm and partially fill up the ditch by planting it full of willow or other timber?—MISS. R. D. S., Soldier, Jackson county, Kan.

GRAFTING WAX.—Please give a recipe for making grafting wax for both root and limb grafting.—D. F., Osceola, Polk county, Nebraska.

Answers to Inquiries.

RINGBONE AND SPAVIN.—If those that inquire for a cure for ringbone and spavin will try corrosive liniment it will cure the lameness is it does not remove the blemish, which can be done if taken in time, before it is ossified. Apply the liniment with a small mop on the end of a stick. It will blister; rub the hand and forearm of the operator well with preservative of anything I ever raised.—A. T. COOK, Clinton Hollow, N. Y.

Babbitting Journals.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Noticing in the BLADE of the 12th issue an able communication for babbitting journal boxing, by Mr. W. Sallee, of this state, which I endorse, as far as it goes, in full, but in practice it is not complete. I venture a further statement. If you have a solid box for babbit remove old matter, substitute stove blacking in place of soap or paper and give good coating of same to shaft; after removing all impurities make proper adjustments, using clay or stiff putty as most convenient, heating to a degree sufficient to fire a pine shaving or till the top of molten metal assumes a changeable color known as dove color. If heated too hot it will crystalize; if too cold will not run. Avoid heating often, as it will become granulated. I respectfully submit the above as correct and practicable.—AMOS HARTLEY, Pomona, Kan.

Evergreen Seedlings.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In my "notes" published in the BLADE of February 13 I should have said evergreen seedlings could be purchased for 35 cents a dozen. I fear that my meaning was not quite clear enough; 35 cents each, for seedlings 5 to 12 inches high would be a large price, but when they can be had for 35 cents a dozen, by mail, where is there a farmer that cannot afford to have his home embellished with them?—F. H. D.

Daniel O'Neill, of Baltimore, has gone crazy on the subject of Ireland and dynamite, and will be sent to an asylum.

his legs are clean as a whip-stalk.—N. I. T., Keokuk'ille, Mich.

Hints on Poultry Raising.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Some weeks ago I promised to give some hints on poultry raising if any one cared for them, and will now proceed to fulfill my promise. I will confine myself this time to those who only keep a limited number of fowls, and I think that one who has their household duties to attend to, or can only devote a part of their time to their fowls, will obtain far more satisfactory results if they only keep about 50 good hens, 25 good brood hens, and 25 of some good laying variety, than if they kept a larger number. The first requisite is good fowls, the next, a good place to keep them, and last but not least, constant watchfulness and care are necessary for success in poultry raising. Supposing you to be supplied with all these, we will now proceed to the first steps in raising or increasing the flock—i. e., setting the hens. The way I do is to wait till I have 4 or more become broody and then set four or more at one time, using fifteen eggs per setting under each hen if a large hen, and thirteen eggs if a small one. Always have the nest for sitting upon the ground if possible, if not place a layer of wood ashes two or three inches deep in your box, fill in with straw till it is of right size and dust freely with flower of sulphur before placing the eggs therein, and your sitting hens will not be troubled with lice or vermin. Watch closely and if any eggs are broken and the others become smeared with the contents wash off carefully with a rag and warm water (never use cold water) and a week after the hatch is expected sprinkle the eggs freely with warm water once each day if it is warm weather and I will guarantee you a chick will hatch from each fertile egg. Two great reasons why eggs do not hatch better is not due, as a great many suppose, to lack of fertility in the eggs, but to lack of moisture and air. The first is supplied to a great extent by setting the nest upon the ground and by sprinkling the eggs. And lack of air is caused by the eggs becoming smeared by the breaking of other eggs thus stopping up the minute pores with which the shell is furnished, thus smothering the young chick. While the chicks are hatching they should be looked to frequently, and as they hatch and dry, taken into the house and put in a basket, with some light covering, such as a piece of old flannel placed over them, and kept in a warm place till all are hatched out. Then take one of the hens and put her in a good large coop, with a floor in it, and give her all the chicks. Then rest the others, and if you have all the hens well during incubation they will not suffer by it, but when they hatch, give all the chicks to one hen and repeat the setting if they are still inclined to sit. I have set one hen four times running, and it did not hurt her either; but I gave her all she wanted of the best food during the time. I once raised over 200 chickens with only ten hens, in one season, and the result was not bad, too, by this way of doing, and I had one hen which had 58 chickens running with her at one time, and she raised all but four of them. Now, don't all fly up and say I am telling a story, for I can furnish ample proof that it is so. The first few days after hatching, the young chicks require very little food. I feed stale wheat bread soaked in sour milk, and the yolk of hard-boiled eggs mashed fine with light bread, either one will do, and the chicks will thrive much better than on corn meal dough. After they are a week old they can be fed on corn meal or whatever you like. But I do not use corn meal much at any stage, thinking it helps to produce cholera and other kindred diseases. I have not lost but one hen with cholera in years, while my neighbors have lost hundreds, and I have moved on to a farm where they had died by the score before. To those who have plenty of milk, a good way is to sink a long shallow trough up to its edge nearly in the ground, so that the little chicks and all can have access to it, and keep it filled with clabber or sour milk, and then young fowls will need no other food at all scarcely and will grow like weeds. Before closing my article too long, so will stop, though there is much I would like to tell you in regard to constructing coops, small movable yards, etc., and also about the care of chicks. Will come again perhaps, if the editor is willing. —RUTH, Montgomery City, Mo.

Dehorning Cattle Again.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In the BLADE of Feb. 3, under this heading, we find a communication from a Mr. Hand, who claims to be an Illinois stockman, advocating the dehorning of cattle. Now, when we find an article in any of the publications to which we subscribe which we know to be false or misleading, we usually make a note of it, and in this case it is so heinous that there is more than one reason why it should be answered at a hearing. In the first place it is his duty to inform his readers why he thus tortures his cattle, and it is also somebody's duty to enlighten him a little on the nature of the business he pretends to be in. He says: "Let me say once for all that there is no pith in cattle's horns." This is false, and if he ever sawed off the horn of an ox or cow he knows it to be false, for he never took off one, at least from a healthy creature, but had a pith at least one-third as long as the horn, and which filled the horn, and in a Jersey cow it is often two-thirds the length of the horn. The Jersey cows' horns are generally very weak and crumbly, and it is almost impossible to find one which has not "slipped" one or both of its horns, but the pith always remains. The dead ozzes from the surface of the pith but not to an extent to create any alarm. It is customary to bind a cotton cloth saturated with tar loosely around it to protect it from the air as well as to help it about healing. This pith hardens, and in a few months becomes nearly, but never quite as hard as the original horn. He says: "It ought to be plain to you, too, by this way of doing, and I had one hen which had 58 chickens running with her at one time, and she raised all but four of them. Now, don't all fly up and say I am telling a story, for I can furnish ample proof that it is so. The first few days after hatching, the young chicks require very little food. I feed stale wheat bread soaked in sour milk, and the yolk of hard-boiled eggs mashed fine with light bread, either one will do, and the chicks will thrive much better than on corn meal dough. After they are a week old they can be fed on corn meal or whatever you like. But I do not use corn meal much at any stage, thinking it helps to produce cholera and other kindred diseases. I have not lost but one hen with cholera in years, while my neighbors have lost hundreds, and I have moved on to a farm where they had died by the score before. To those who have plenty of milk, a good way is to sink a long shallow trough up to its edge nearly in the ground, so that the little chicks and all can have access to it, and keep it filled with clabber or sour milk, and then young fowls will need no other food at all scarcely and will grow like weeds. Before closing my article too long, so will stop, though there is much I would like to tell you in regard to constructing coops, small movable yards, etc., and also about the care of chicks. Will come again perhaps, if the editor is willing. —RUTH, Montgomery City, Mo.

News of the Week.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

Grover Cleveland Says the Coinage Must be Stopped or There Will be a Financial Crisis.

The following is the reply addressed by President-elect Cleveland to the silver coinage advocates in Congress:

GENTLEMEN—The letter which I have had the honor to receive from you invites, and indeed obliges me to give my expression to some grave public necessities, although in advance of a moment when they would become objects of my official era and partial responsibility. Your solicitude that my judgment shall have been carefully and deliberately formed, is entirely just, and I accept the suggestion in the same friendly spirit in which it has been made. It is also fully justified by the nature of a financial crisis, which, under the operation of an act of Congress, of February 28, 1878, is now close at hand. By compliance with the requirements of that law all the vaults of the Federal treasury have been, and are, heaped full of silver coins, which are now worth less than 85 per cent of the gold dollar prescribed as the "unit of value" in section 14, of the act of Feoruary 12, 1873, and which with the siver certificates representing such coin, are receivable for all public dues. Being thus receivable, while they also are constantly increasing in quantity at the rate of $28,000 a year, it is first shown, of necessity, that the flow of gold into the treasury has been steadily diminished. Silver and silver certificates have displaced and are now displacing the gold, and the sum of gold in the federal treasury, now available for the payment of the gold obligations of the United States and for the redemption of United States notes called "greenbacks," if not already encroached upon, is perilously near encroachment. These facts, while they do not admit of a difference of opinion, call for no argument. They have been forewarned to us in official reports of every secretary of the Treasury from 1878 till now, and they are plainly affirmed in the last December report of the present secretary to the Speaker of the present House of Representatives. They appear in the official documents of this Congress, and in the record is of the New York clearing house, of which the treasury is a member, and through which the bulk of the receipts and payments of the federal government and the country pass. These being the facts, our present condition, our danger, and our duty to avert that danger, would seem to be plain.

I hope you will concur with me, and with a great majority of our fellow-citizens, in deeming it most desirable, at the present juncture, to maintain and continue to use the mass of our gold coin, as well as the mass of silver already coined. This is possible by the present suspension of the purchase and coinage of silver. I am not aware that by any other methods it is possible. It is of momentous importance, to prevent the two metals parting company, to prevent the increasing displacements of gold by the increasing coinage of silver to prevent the disuse of gold in the custom houses of the United States, in the daily business of its people, to prevent the ultimate expulsion of gold by silver, which financial crisis, as these events would certainly precipitate, were now to follow upon so long a period of commercial depression, which would involve the people of every city and every state in the Union in prolonged and disastrous trouble. The revival of business enterprise and prosperity so ardently desired and apparently so near, would be indefinitely postponed. Gold would be withdrawn to its hoarding place, and an unprecedented contraction in the actual volume of our currency would speedily take place. The saddest of all, in every workshop, mill, factory, store and on every railroad and farm, the wages of labor would be still further depressed, would be still further oppressed by the purchasing power of every so-called dollar paid into the hands of toil. From these impending calamities, it is surely the most patriotic and grateful duty of the representatives of the people to deliver them.

I am, gentlemen, with sincere respect,
Your fellow-citizen,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hot Shot from Reagan and Other Silver Men——Poor Cleveland's Troubles Begin Early.

The friends of silver in the House, while at first inclined to make a formal reply to the letter of President-elect Cleveland, since it has been given to the public, decided at a conference, held Sunday evening, to reply openly to the letter, with which they do not agree. They say they did not invite the controversy, but, on the contrary, were anxious to avoid it. They also say that until it had become known that a determined effort was being made to induce the President-elect to commit himself and his administration in advance to the gold side of the currency question that they decided merely to ask him not to commit himself till his Cabinet was formed and both sides of the question could be considered. They proposed at first to send a delegation to present their views to him, but after communicating with him, at his suggestion, they sent a communication signed by nearly one hundred members of the present Congress and members elected to the next Congress. No reply was necessary, they assert, and none was expected. They further say that, while regretting the step the President-elect ozzes from the surface of the pith but not to an extent to create any alarm. It is customary to bind a cotton cloth saturated with tar loosely around it to protect it from the air as well as to help it about healing. This pith hardens, and in a few months becomes nearly, but never quite as hard as the original horn. He says: "It ought to be plain to you, too, by this way of doing, and I had one hen which had 58 chickens running with her at one time, and she raised all but four of them. Now, don't all fly up and say I am telling a story, for I can furnish ample proof that it is so. The first few days after hatching, the young chicks require very little food. I feed stale wheat bread soaked in sour milk, and the yolk of hard-boiled eggs mashed fine with light bread, either one will do, and the chicks will thrive much better than on corn meal dough. After they are a week old they can be fed on corn meal or whatever you like. But I do not use corn meal much at any stage, thinking it helps to produce cholera and other kindred diseases. I have not lost but one hen with cholera in years, while my neighbors have lost hundreds, and I have moved on to a farm where they had died by the score before. To those who have plenty of milk, a good way is to sink a long shallow trough up to its edge nearly in the ground, so that the little chicks and all can have access to it, and keep it filled with clabber or sour milk, and then young fowls will need no other food at all scarcely and will grow like weeds. Before closing my article too long, so will stop, though there is much I would like to tell you in regard to constructing coops, small movable yards, etc., and also about the care of chicks. Will come again perhaps, if the editor is willing. —RUTH, Montgomery City, Mo.

Deborning Cattle Again.

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Labeling Trees.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Trees ought to be so labeled that the variety may be known at any time previous to its fruiting. Many pomologists recommend fine labels cut in the form of a wedge, the pointed end to be driven around a limb, loosely. Wooden labels the name soon disappears, while on these it is said to show for years, even if written with a common lead pencil. As trees are usually received from the nursery the labels are fastened to the trees with a small wire; these need attention to see that it does not cut in to the tree as it grows. A writer in the *People and Patriot* says that the neglect of this cost him a peach tree. He also says that the labels may be removed and the name cut in the bark of the tree by drawing a single slit, in the shape of the letters. At first it will hardly show, but as the tree grows the bark opens, showing the name distinctly. It strikes me as being a very easy and handy way to label a tree.—F. H. D., Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Strawberry Tomatoes.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I wonder if many of your readers raise the strawberry tomato, or ground cherry, as it is sometimes called? It is a distinct species of tomato and grows enveloped in a husk or sack. The fruit is the size of large cherries, and bright yellow in color. They have a strawberry flavor. Many like them for sauce, or hash; but when preserved and flavored with lemon they are just delicious. They grow well almost anywhere, and bear abundantly the first season; and they will keep (if left in their husks) till mid-winter. I have them now—February 16—as nice as when gathered from the vines. They are a great favorite with me, being so nice for pies and many other uses, and make the best preserves of anything I ever raised.—A. T. COOK, Clinton Hollow, N. Y.

Babbitting Journals.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Noticing in the BLADE of the 12th issue an able communication for babbitting journal boxing, by Mr. W. Sallee, of this state, which I endorse, as far as it goes, in full, but in practice it is not complete. I venture a further statement. If you have a solid box for babbit remove old matter, substitute stove blacking in place of soap or paper and give good coating of same to shaft; after removing all impurities make proper adjustments, using clay or stiff putty as most convenient, heating to a degree sufficient to fire a pine shaving or till the top of molten metal assumes a changeable color known as dove color. If heated too hot it will crystalize; if too cold will not run. Avoid heating often, as it will become granulated. I respectfully submit the above as correct and practicable.—AMOS HARTLEY, Pomona, Kan.

Evergreen Seedlings.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In my "notes" published in the BLADE of February 13 I should have said evergreen seedlings could be purchased for 35 cents a dozen. I fear that my meaning was not quite clear enough; 35 cents each, for seedlings 5 to 12 inches high would be a large price, but when they can be had for 35 cents a dozen, by mail, where is there a farmer that cannot afford to have his home embellished with them?—F. H. D.

Daniel O'Neill, of Baltimore, has gone crazy on the subject of Ireland and dynamite, and will be sent to an asylum.

coinage such silver coins as legal tender in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of the public faith, nor in derogation of the rights of public creditors.'

"The opinions of the secretaries of the treasury from 1878 down are referred to as authority. The opinions of secretaries are valuable when supported by facts and sound reasons, but ought not to control unless they are. It cannot be forgotten, however, that some secretaries have steadily predicted what has not taken place, and the friends of silver concur in the opinion that it is most desirable to maintain to continue the mass of our gold coin as well as the mass of silver already coined. They agree, too, that it is of momentous importance to prevent the coin of the two metals from parting company; but the two metals have already parted company under the influence of silver demonitization in other countries and the hostility of the treasury and banks to silver in this. But that the continued coinage of silver at the rate of $28,000,000 a year will drive gold out of circulation in the near future, or force it to a premium, does not to them seem to be sustained by facts or sound reasoning. The total volume of currency in the United States, outside of gold, is less than $750,000,000. It is believed to be a principle of economic science, perfectly well settled, that if the volume of $750,000,000 is not sufficient in itself to maintain prices in this country at the level of international prices, then gold will come here and stay here in sufficient amount to make, with the volume already in circulation, what will constitute our distributive share of the world's metal. Gold would be withdrawn from circulation, in addition to the $750,000,000, either silver or paper equal to the entire volume of gold now in circulation. In that manner, under Gresham's law, gold might be expelled, and probably would be. It is doubtless true, too, that if population and wealth in this country were at a stand, then the continued coinage of silver in sufficient volume would in time expel gold from circulation. In order to preserve a staple ratio between the money volume and population and wealth, an annual increase of not less than $40,000,000 in currency of some kind is now required. In other words, the increase of population and wealth calls for an addition to our circulation of at least $40,000,000 a year. If, while these conditions continue, silver is coined at the rate of only $28,000,000 a year, there is left a still considerable ratio to be filled with gold. This is the reason why gold has increased in the country steadily since the act of 1878 was passed, and why gold has increased by nearly $14,000,000 during last year, and is now increasing at the rate of nearly $1,000,000 a month, notwithstanding the depression of business in the country, and as a matter of fact there is to-day more gold in the country than there ever was before in its whole history.

"Another fact is that $80,000,000 in gold in the treasury was put there in exchange for silver certificates. The immediate effect of the stopping of coinage of silver must necessarily be to lower the price of silver bullion and gradually to appreciate the value of gold the world over. The difficulties in the way of establishing an international ratio so much desired, or of the readjustment of relative value to gold from

having voted, no decision was reached.

HOUSE.—The House proceeded to the further consideration of the sundry civil bill. Hour offered an amendment providing that money appropriated to aid the New Orleans Exposition shall be used, first, in the payment of the indebtedness now outstanding of the exposition due persons living outside of Louisiana, including debts to foreigners or foreign nations, and such as are due states and territories; and, second, in the payment of all premiums awarded by the exposition. The amendment was adopted—yeas 206, nays 58. Potter then moved to strike out the entire clause. Lost—yeas 122, nays 159.

Jones, Thomas and McComas severely criticised the Sundry Civil bill for provisions which it contained relative to public buildings, and asserted that while districts represented on the Appropriation committee had been well looked after, the districts of "ordinary" members of the House were disregarded. Payson stated that as Hour was the only member of the Appropriation committee who had not been provided for, $50,000 should be given him to be expended in his district. Randall replied that the remark was unjust; there was not a dollar in the bill that went to his (Randall's) district. Other members of the committee, in two minute speeches, justified their action, and attributed the complaint not to what was in the bill, but to what was not in it. As the gentleman could not name another case, there were shouts of "next," with sarcastic suggestions that each member of the committee be allowed five minutes to explain his conduct. As Holman rose he was greeted with applause and shouts of laughter. His defense is the committee, and was followed by Burns.

In reply to a criticism in regard to the appropriation for a public building at Fort Wayne, Holman explained that though it had been a perfectly proper appropriation when incorporated in the bill, it was now proper to go further, owing to the fact that the Senate bill for a similar purpose had been passed by the House. He had several times attempted to have it eliminated from the bill, but on each occasion had been met with objection. He now renewed his request. There was no objection, and the clause was stricken out. The bill then passed—yeas 105, nays 102.

Willis moved to suspend the rules and put upon its passage the bill appropriating $5,000,000 to be expended under the direction and with the approval of the secretary of War for the continuation and completion of works designated in the last river and harbor bill. Rejected—yeas 126, nays 129.

Hall offered the following proposition: "That the work at Galveston harbor shall be treated as if the sum of $850,000 had been appropriated by the bill of last year; any money which shall be allotted under the act for the improvement of the Mississippi river below Cairo (except so much thereof as shall be necessary to prevent the present crevasses and levee injury) shall be expended in the continuation and completion of work in Plum Point and Lake Providence reaches, to the end that the plan of the commission for the improvement of the river may be fully tested, and the money allotted to the Mississippi river shall be expended by the secretary of War, and in accordance with plans approved by him." After a sharp discussion the bill passed—yeas 109, nays 88.

Turner called up the contested election case from North Carolina, in which the person in charge right of Skinner to his seat is involved, but the House refused to consent to it. Townsend reported the postoffice appropriation bill, with Senate amendments, with a report recommending concurrence in some and non-concurrence in other amendments.

In order to prevent Turner from calling up any contested election cases, the Republicans demanded a separate vote on each amendment, and though the recommendations of the appropriation committee were in each case agreed to, the clause relative to ocean transportation was not reached, they consuming the hour allotted to it, when recess was taken until 8, the evening session for consideration of pension bills.

WASHINGTON, March 2.

SENATE.—The Chair laid before the Senate a letter from the attorney general, stating that the deficiency bill as passed by the House insufficiently provides for the expenses of juries, etc., in connection with United States courts—not more than one-half the amounts having been allowed. The allowed. The attorney general further states that there will not be money enough to carry on the courts named during the coming four months, unless further provision be made. Referred to the committee on Appropriations. Hale submitted the report of the Conference committee on the agricultural appropriation bill. Agreed to. The Chair, upon motion of Van Wyck, appointed Mitchell, Van Wyck and Jackson conferees upon the bill granting a pension to Mrs. Sarah Jackson. (This is a private pension bill, passed by the House, to which the Senate added a general amendment increasing widows' pensions from $8 to $12 a month. It went back to the House, where it has little chance of receiving consideration before the end of the session. It was recalled to-day upon a resolution offered by Van Wyck, and its rendition to the Conference committee will give it the status of a privileged question when next it goes to the House, and in this situation final action may be secured.)

Aldrich offered the following resolution, which was read the second time and laid on the table, to be called up hereafter:

"*Resolved*, That the President of the United States is hereby requested to enter into negotiations with the states in the Latin Union and such other foreign powers as he shall deem advisable for the purpose of securing such treaties with them as shall bind the nations agreeing thereto to open their respective mints to the free coinage of silver upon full legal tender powers, at such uniform ratio to gold as shall be agreed."

A motion to appropriate $10,000 for the purchase of Miss Ransom's portrait of Gen. George H. Thomas was agreed to. Motion to appropriate $15,000 to buy Mrs. Fassett's picture of the electoral commission was lost. On motion of Van Wyck, $75,000 was appropriated for a public building at Nebraska City. On motion of McMillan, an amendment was agreed to appropriating $100,000 for a public building at Winona, Minn. On motion of Miller (Cala.), an amendment was agreed to authorizing the President to bestow testimonials on officers and subjects of the Russian government who rendered aid and comfort to the survivors of the Jeannette, and appropriating therefor $75,000, also $2,000 to enable the President to send a representative to the jubilee of the Statistical society of London.

HOUSE.—Bennett called up the Iowa contested election case of Frederick vs. Wilson. Was a million raised question of consideration. The Republicans refused to consent to voting, and the House was left without a quorum, but on the roll call the Democrats mustered a quorum, and the House determined—yeas 172, nays 2—to consider the election case. Pending the vote, Adams (N. Y.) gave notice that at the conclusion of the consideration of the election case he would move to suspend the rules and pass the bankruptcy bill, and upon the announcement of the vote immediately made a motion to adjourn, but the Speaker had previously recognized Bennett to debate the contested election case, and did not recognize the motion. Valentine, however, called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that the resolution of the committee had not been read, and demanded it be read. The Speaker recognized the force of the objection, and directed the clerk to read the resolution. This having been done, the Speaker was besieged with motions to adjourn, and recognized Adams to make that motion. The motion was lost—yeas 11, nays 195. Then motions to take a recess till 8 and 10 o'clock respectively were offered. At the suggestion of Randall, who stated that the House would be compelled to sit late to-night, perhaps until to-morrow morning, the first motion was agreed to, and the House took a recess till 8.

Killed for Breaking Into His Own House.

Alvin Dixon, tax collector of Blount county, Alabama, who has held the position for many years, and was one of the most popular and highly esteemed men in the county and universally trusted by everybody, went away from his home Saturday night, leaving $1,700 in taxes he had just collected in charge of his wife. About midnight his wife saw a negro breaking into the house, drew a pistol and fired, killing him instantly. When she examined the body she found it to be that of her husband, with his face and hands blackened with burnt cork. It is generally believed that Dixon broke into the house to steal the money he had just collected.

Gen. Grant.

At Gen. Grant's house this morning it was stated that his condition has improved. He passed a fair night.

The consulting physicians are of the opinion that the general will not die suddenly, but that he will speedily become so weak that to remain out of bed will be impossible. Then, they say, his death will be preceded by a season of terrible suffering. Nothing can be done for his cancerous trouble but cleanse it and apply cocaine. There is no cure.

Excess of values of exports over imports of merchandise for the month of January, $38,343,992; for twelve months ended January 31, 1885, $188,196,653; total values of imports of merchandise for twelve months ended January 31, 1885, $617,199,928; total value of exports of merchandise for twelve months ended January 31, 1885, $775,923,-869.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Egypt.

The latest news from Agig and Tamai confirms the report of the brilliant victory won by the Mudir of Taka and the Shukria tribe of friendly Arabs against the Hadendowah tribe, in the attack by the latter upon some friendly tribes for supplying the garrison of Kassola with grain. It is now stated that during the battle 3,600 Hadendowahs were killed. The Kassola garrison is short of food and ammunition, and as the place is hard pressed by the enemy, despite the recent repulse, surrender must soon result unless the garrison is relieved.

The following particulars of the battle near Kassala have just been received from Suakim: Hadendowas attacked the Kassala garrison, which, under command, had sallied out to cover the entry of a convoy of gram. The garrison made hasty defense works on the open plain west of the city and received the onslaught of Hadendowas with such a terrible fire that the latter fell back in confusion with heavy loss. The Shukoorie tribe, who brought grain for Kassala, attacked the Hadendowas on the flank and rear while the garrison troops advanced to the attack. The Hadendowas became panic-stricken and fled in all directions. Their chief Isaciliatti was killed. Moussa sent emissaries to Atmick, religious chief at Bekri, a suburb of Kassala, asking what terms he required for the surrender of Bekri. Atmick replied that he must have hostages before he could negotiate with Moussa.

A dispatch from Korti says the dreaded Kamsin winds, which do not generally begin before March, have already begun to blow over the Soudan, and have assumed almost the intensity of a sirocco. The wind is hot, and accompanied by blinding clouds of sand, which cut like needle points. Troops only find shelter by lying down with their faces to the earth until the storm has passed, when they struggle out of the sand, almost choked and blinded. Cavalry horses suffered terribly from the effects of the hot blasts, and many of them have been so injured they had to be shot. It is supposed the Kamsin will prevail about a month.

A dispatch from Gakdul Wells reports Gen. Buller's troops much exhausted. They had no encounters with the enemy after leaving Abu Klea. The wounded are doing well. Gakdul will be abandoned, the whole force retiring to Korti.

The total loss of the desert column, since it left Korti, in killed and disabled, is 30 officers and 450 men.

Khasm Mous, a messenger sent on by Gen. Buller, has arrived at Korti. He states that according to the most reliable accounts, the rebels, when they entered Khartoum, pillaged the town and massacred the people. Gen. Gordon, with a number of adherents, retreated into the Catholic church and refused to surrender. The rebels then surrounded the church and everybody within was killed.

Last October El Mahdi sent an autograph letter to Gen. Gordon, exulting over the wreck of Col. Stewart's steamer and the murder of that officer and his companions. In proof of his knowledge that disaster had overtaken Stewart, he enclosed copies of documents found on the steamer, and an account showing the state of munitions and supplies at Khartoum at the time of Stewart's departure. By the messenger who brought the letter, Gen. Gordon sent back a defiant reply to the Mahdi. He said: "I do not care how many men you killed or what success you gained. It makes no difference to me." After more in the same vein he concluded with: "I do not care what force you have; I am made of iron, and intend to hold on here."

After the late action of the rebels in destroying advanced redoubts, Lieut. Askwith went to them to alter the arrangement for expending the mines. While examining the mines one exploded and Askwith was blown to pieces.

The Italian government has sent $1,000,000 to Massowah for the purchase of camels. This action is taken to indicate that Italy intends to take steps for the relief of Kassala.

Advices from Dar'san announce that reports are current there to the effect that a proposal has been made to organize a contingent of 5,000 Zulus for service in the Soudan.

Dispatches from Korti state that Gen. Wolseley's eyes have become affected by the glare of the sun, and the intense heat has caused an outbreak of typhus fever among the British troops.

Gen. Wolseley has ordered Gen. Brackenbury to return to Korti and not proceed on his march to Abu Hamed.

Great Britain.

In the House of Commons, Tuesday evening, Gladstone moved to postpone all notices of not on until after the order of the day, for the purpose of moving a motion of censure against the government for its Egyptian policy, was disposed of. Charles Stuart Wolseley, Conservative member for Sheffield, said he thought the government had acted with the climax of meanness toward Gen. Gordon.

Redmond, Home-ruler, opposed the motion and was seconded in his proposition by several Parnellites. The opposition became so noisy that the Speaker interfered. And when quiet was restored he announced that he thought it was his duty to inform the House that he thought the subject then sufficiently discussed. At this, the Parnellites nearly all joined in prolonged cheers.

O'Brien, editor of the *United Ireland*, and a Home Ruler, shouted out, "We will remember this in Ireland."

This remark was greeted with: "Oh, oh, name him! name him!"

The speaker thereupon named O'Brien, and Gladstone at once moved that the name of the member be suspended.

O'Brien jumped up and shouted, "In that is the honor of my ambition."

When the excitement which attended this passage between the Dublin editor and the Prime minister had subsided, Sexton, a Home Ruler, rose to a point of order. He was summarily overruled by the Speaker.

A division was then called upon Gladstone's motion to suspend O'Brien. It resulted in a vote of 244 in favor and but 20 against it. The Speaker, when the vote had been recorded, ordered O'Brien to withdraw from the house. O'Brien arose, straightened himself to his full height, and exclaiming with great precision and sarcasm: "Certainly, sir, I will withdraw from the house more willingly than I entered it," and walked out.

The Parnellites objected to the resumption of the motion of censure because it was in order for discussion on a motion made by Redmond, relating to the conduct of an Irish constable named Murphy.

The case of Sergeant O'Brien episode was quite sensational while it lasted, and Gladstone's conduct was firm and determined. When the House had again settled down to business, a cloture was proposed and voted for as follows: 307 ayes, 46 nays. Parnell expressed dissatisfaction with the tally, and as a protest insisted upon division. This resulted in the adoption of Gladstone's motion to resume debate on Sir Stafford Northcote's motion of censure by a vote of 222 to 19.

The British army estimates for the year 1885 are announced. They amount to £17,-820,000. This sum includes expenditures which the Soudan expedition necessitates.

The cabinet council Saturday lasted from 2 until 6:35 p. m. The debate was excited, and at some points exceeded the bounds of decorum. Three lines of action were proposed and each was stoutly advocated. One proposition was to resign immediately and let the Tories, who are so good at criticizing, see if they can better in action. The second proposition was to dissolve Parliament and go to the country upon the Redistribution bill, which is already been agreed to by the leaders of both parties, then to dissolve Parliament and take the chances of a general election by the constituencies as constituted by the enlarged franchise and the redistribution. The third proposition was to stick to office and let the opposition howl. The second proposition will probably prevail.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* exactly describes the opinion of the bulk of the Liberals in saying that the House of Commons has found the old Irish verdict: "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

WAR WITH RUSSIA.

It is undoubted in some circles in London that war with Russia hangs by the thread. Negotiations between Russia and England respecting the Russo-Afghan frontier are said to have reached a very delicate stage. Granville, British secretary for foreign affairs, has sent a long and very important dispatch by telegraph to De Gierse, Russian foreign minister, regarding the occupation by Russian troops of points on the Afghan frontier. The language is very firm, and almost equivalent to a formal ultimatum. It plainly states that Great Britain is resolved to protect, at all hazards, strategetic points in Afghanistan. Russia is also warned that Great Britain will, under no circumstances, entertain the question of the cession of any portion of the territory belonging to her ally, the ameer of Afghanistan. A copy of this dispatch was sent Dufferin, viceroy in India, who is instructed to reassure the Ameer of Afghanistan of continued friendliness.

In the Commons, Monday, Mr. Henry Labouchère, radical, moved the resolution he gave notice of last Friday, "that the House of Commons regret that the militia have been employed, because it indicates a resolution on the part of her majesty's government to interfere in the Soudan by force of arms." The vote was lost by a vote of 149 to 19. Fitzmaurice, under secretary for the foreign department, said the sortie and defeat of the Kassala garrison, by El Mahdi's Arabs, occurred February 3. He explained the difficulty of relieving this garrison by saying it was so far inland, being 280 miles from Suakim and 293 miles from Massowah, on the Red sea, and that relief could be afforded through friendly tribes only.

The Congo Conference.

The Congo conference had a final sitting Thursday. Bismarck presided, and announced that the African International association had signified adhesion to the decisions of the conference, and the documents had been signed by Pres. Strauch, on behalf of the association. The delegates then signed the documents, fourteen in number, and the conference was declared closed.

China.

Admiral Courbet telegraphs that the mouth of the Ningpo river has been closed by the French fleet. The French had commenced to cruise off the mouth of the Yangtse-kiang river for the purpose of intercepting rice vessels. The cruisers have the entrance to the Yang-tse-kiang already barred, with three Chinese cruisers behind the bar, where they took refuge. Cannonading has been exchanged between the Chinese forts at the entrance of the river and the French vessels.

Gen. Briere de L'Isle telegraphs that Gen. Negrier Saturday attacked and dispersed the Chinese in the vicinity of Langson, capturing many men.

Canada.

The report of the Chinese commission has been presented to the Ottawa parliament. It recommends moderate restrictive measures, based on police and sanitary principles, be inforced by rigid regulations, and that the Dominion government shall enact legislation imposing a tax of $10 upon every Chinese man, woman or child coming into the province, the revenue thus raised to be devoted to the payment of inspectors, whose duty it shall be to report the number, sex and condition of all Chinese immigrants, and report upon all matters pertaining to the Chinese in that province.

South America.

A sanguinary engagement has taken place in the Jauja Valley, Peru, between four companies of government troops and 2,000 Indian Montenros. The latter were defeated, leaving 230 dead on the field.

Switzerland.

Several anarchists residing at Chaut de Fonds, Switzerland, have been secretly expelled. It is reported from Berne that the federal assembly has already resolved to expel from the country at least 1,000 persons connected with the anarchist society, who have taken refuge in Switzerland for the purpose of concocting plots to be executed abroad.

Italy.

Monday was the 75th anniversary of the birth of Pope Leo XIII. The Pope, replying to congratulations of the College of Cardinals, expressed deep regret at the present position of the papacy, which, he said, was in the hands of the despoiler. Neither he nor his successors could ever accept this state of affairs.

The Pope, replying to an address of operatives, traced the evils afflicting the working classes to their abandonment of the principles of religion and to their submitting themselves to the influence of agitators who deceived them with vain promises and flattered them by magnifying their rights and never alluding to their duties. Nothing good could arise from exciting the workman's hate of proprietors and rich men for evil. The worker's lot was to be found in assortions and co-operation, and to endeavor during all circumstances, even of sickness and old age. Catholics ought to unite and work in concert in preparing for church and society a better future. The Pope's speech made a marked impression on his auditors.

France.

The French Chamber of Deputies—316 to 175—have agreed to fix the duty on corn at three francs; they also adopted a proposition to impose a duty of six francs, 60 centimes on corn not grown in Europe and imported to France from European entre ports.

The French House of Deputies concluded the debate upon the tariff on cereals, and fixed the duty at one franc and 50 centimes upon barley, and five francs and 50 centimes upon barley from European entre-pots. The proposed duty on maize was rejected.

Russia.

The St. Petersburg *Zeitung* says that although the Russian and British advances into the Afghan frontier do not tend to complicate the situation, the hope is entertained in well informed quarters that the question will be brought to a satisfactory settlement. England, the paper says, must be convinced that Russia will not occupy Herat. It also is of the opinion that excusive British occupation is not likely to be undertaken, for the reason that it will be too hazardous.

Le Nord, the Russian organ, in an officially inspired article, says: "Russia has resolved to respect existing arrangements concerning Afghanistan, provided the other side to these arrangements respects them.'

Germany.

In the debate on the proposed credits for the Cameroons in the Reichstag, Bismarck said the work of colonization would be impossible if the government was obliged to force every demand from the Reichstag. It was imperative, he said, that the country should provide money. The federal government should ascertain positively the views of the people, if necessary, by general elections. Hitherto the attitude of the Reichstag had only strengthened foreign opposition to Germany's colonization. "It is certain," continued Bismarck, "that English communications with Germany upon the subject assumed a sharper tone after the debates in the Reichstag. Our private statements to the British Ambassador were reproduced officially, a sign that England is seriously angered."

Dr. Windthorst and Baron von Stauffenberg observed that, although occasional divisions occurred, the Reichstag was united upon the questions of the foreign policy where the honor of Germany was concerned.

The credit for Cameroons was then agreed upon, the Polish and Socialist members opposing.

Hungry and Thirsty Democrats Flocking to Washington — The "Old Timers" on Hand in Force.

The corridors of the capitol are almost impassible. Dense crowds surround every door of the galleries of the two houses, peering through, and awaiting the departure of the more fortunate occupants of seats within. They are composed, for the most part, of well behaved, well-dressed people and by far the larger half wore overcoats of army blue, their reclined capes thrown back the better to display the buttons and military trappings beneath. Many civilians are bedecked with similar badges beating gilt designs.

The old citizen who remembers the inaugurations of Pierce and Buchanan, and who loves to tell any chance passenger of the glories of ancient Democracy, elbows the younger and more sportive patriot, who, in default of cheering memories, cherishes with equal ardor and quite as freely about his germinating hopes of the hereafter, dating from to morrow noon. The majority of the latter have come to pay their first visit to the halls of Congress, and betray, in face and demeanor, a sense of enjoyment in the building and its contents. They bear their disappointment, however, with patience not unmixed with painful surprise, as the sturdy, methodical policemen turn them back, and ask their equally uniformed neighbors if any wax is open to free half untitled American citizen to get where he can see the process of law making. The proceedings, to which such as get admission are witnesses, are not so well calculated to excite feelings of reverence as those of the earlier days of the session. Senators and members of the House are worn out with the protracted sessions, and the excitement of the last hour or three days and nights, and betray the fact in their uneasy attitudes, and sometimes in the unparliamentary vigor of their expressions.

AN EXTRA SESSION

remains a possibility, and the subject is the one most discussed among members and attaches of Congress. The condition of business is such that appropriation bills might be disposed of within twelve hours; yet the possibility remains that some will not be passed. The great crowds of spectators have a very inspiring effect upon the eloquence of many members. The day is hazy, with promise of rain to night, but indications are favorable for a fair day to-morrow.

Two Suspicious Detectives Arrested in Albany and Lodged in Jail.

Two men who appeared to be acting suspiciously in the neighborhood of Downer mansion, where Cleveland lives, were arrested this morning at 11 o'clock by detectives Dwyer and Morris, by order of the police, and taken to the police station.

They were identified by Col. Dwight Lawrence as two detectives named Thomas Craig and Theodore Waldron, employed by the private agency at 924 Broadway, New York. They refused to tell their business to the chief of police, and referred to Inspector Byrnes to say what it was. They were taken before a magistrate and committed for further hearing.

The latest supposition is, that they are detectives employed by friends of Cleveland, without his knowledge, or the knowledge of any of the authorities, to protect him from threats of violence that have been made from time to time during the last two weeks.

A Chicago paper has information that Vanderbilt has obtained control of the West Shore road, the great rival of the New York Central.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Twenty-two Canadian woodchoppers arrived at Montreal Tuesday from Quebec en route for North Carolina, where they have been engaged to cut down woods.

The protracted cold weather has caused almost a famine in oysters in Baltimore, the supply not being a fourth equal to the demand, even at quadrupled prices.

Cyrus W. Field has pending suits for libel against Labouchere, editor of London *Truth*; A. Oakey Hall, agent of the New York *Herald*, and James Gordon Bennett.

McFarlane & Co., wholesale boots and shoes, Cincinnati, have assigned to Charles Reemelin. Liabilities estimated at $25,000; assets, $20,000 to $30,000; preferences, $10,000.

Dr Joseph H. D. Rogers, a leading physician in Southern Indiana, died at Madison. The deceased raised a company of volunteers, led them to Texas, and participated in the Texan war for independence.

An old genius of Shenandoah, Iowa, wears a lead ring with a $100 diamond set in it, having made the ring and set the diamond himself. His reason for it is because no one else in the world has a ring like it.

John Barkle, who became insane through election excitement and refused to eat for nearly two weeks, died at the county insane asylum at Reading, Pa. He imagined that members of a political party opposed to him would poison him.

At a meeting of the municipal council of the Irish National league in New York, a communication was read from Parnell, who urged the immediate establishment of a parliamentary fund. A committee was appointed to take action relative to the fund.

George Bancroft, the historian, a native of Worcester, Mass., has signified his desire to present the city a fund of $10,000 to form the "Arron and Lucretia Bancroft Scholarship Fund," the income to be devoted to the liberal education of some one scholar from Worcester.

The event of the New Orleans exposition Thursday was Connecticut day, and the formal restoration to the original owners of a tattered battle flag captured by the Ninth Connecticut regiment from the Third Mississippi at Pass-Christian, Mississippi, in 1862.

Judge Wilde of New York, has given his decision in the case of Justus Schwab, a notorious socialist. There were two charges against the prisoner, the first for inciting a riot at a socialists' meeting about a month ago, and the other for resisting the police who tried to arrest him. Schwab was held for trial on both charges in $2,500 bail.

INDUSTRIAL.

The workmen in the Texas Pacific railroad shops have determined to strike against a reduction of wages. They have sent notice to all other points where shops are located, and a general strike is anticipated on the Gould system.

There was another riot in the vicinity of the coal mills at Kensington, Thursday night, notwithstanding the presence of 250 policemen to protect the non-union workmen. A furious fight ensued, in which blood flowed freely, but no lives were lost. A number of arrests were made, and to-day the men were held in $1,000 bail.

Workmen in the Wabash railroad shops, at Moberly, Mo., have been notified that after the 25th the wages of those receiving over 20 cents per hour will be reduced 10 per cent; and those receiving less than that sum per hour will be reduced 5 per cent. The men have protested, and it is said if wages are not restored there will be trouble. About five hundred men are employed in the shops.

Seventy per cent of the 7,000 coke ovens controlled by the Pennsylvania syndicate are now in operation. Only about 45 per cent. have been running during the past year. This marked improvement in the coke trade gives employment to all men who were discharged during the dull season. The coke operators are elated over the favorable turn affairs have taken.

The trouble brewing in the mill precincts of Kensington, Pa., the past 16 weeks, culminated Wednesday night in a riot of a serious nature. Several persons were beaten, and four persons arrested. Jews learned that four strikers had moved and Walter Cameron, a loom fixer, had gone to work in Leedom's mill. At quitting time 2,000 strikers surrounded the mill and several who returned to work were beaten. The police quieted the disturbance. No one dangerously injured.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Public Debt Statement.

The following is a statement of the public debt for the month ended February 28:

Interest bearing debt—	
Four and one-halfs	$250,000,000
Fours	737,107,200
Threes	194,190,550
Refunding certificates	251,350,000
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total interest bearing debt	$1,196,149,050
Debt bearing no interest—	
Matured debt	$ 5,401,895
Legal tenders	346,739,111
Certificates of deposit	35,780,000
Gold and silver certificates	291,360,651
Fractional currency	99,338,306
Total without interest	$678,817,473
Total debt	$ 1,880,367,918
Total interest	10,021,988
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	$ 484,466,557
Debt, less cash in Treasury—	
Feb. 28, 1885	1,405,923,350
Increase during February	3,204,975
Decrease since June 30, 1884	44,125,885
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	$ 1,486,140
Debt on which interest has ceased	5,401,895
Interest thereon	246,918
Gold and silver certificates	294,530,651
U. S. notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	30,580,000
Cash balance available	152,226,052
Total	$ 484,466,557
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	484,466,557
Bonds issued to Pacific Railroad Companies, interest payable by United States, principal outstanding	64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	6,6,,23
Interest paid by United States	65,038,509
Interest repaid by companies—	
By transportation service	19,048,657
By cash payments, 5 per cent. net earnings	655,198
Balance interest paid by the United States	45,339,353

River and Harbor Bill.

The Senate committee on Commerce amended the river and harbor bill by substituting the words "ten millions" for "five millions," wherever the latter occurs, but leaving the appropriation in the "lump sum" as it came from the House. The Senate committee has affixed a provision authorizing surveys for various contemplated works.

Hendricks.

Vice President-elect Hendricks was on the floor of the Senate Monday, and Senators, without regard to political affiliation, took the opportunity to pay their respects. After leaving the Senate Hendricks went to the hall of the House, and a number of members greeted him. Afterwards he went to the lobby in the rear of the hall, where he held an informal reception, and met both Democratic and Republican representatives.

Arthur and Cleveland.

Pres. Arthur has received a letter from President-elect Cleveland, in which the latter says he regrets the arrangements already made for his trip to Washington will prevent him from accepting Pres. Arthur's invitation to dine at the executive mansion this evening.

President-elect Cleveland, Hon. Daniel Manning, Col. Lamont and their families left Albany on a special train on the West Shore railroad at 6:40 p. m. Monday for Jersey City, ot henir way to Washington.

He Slipped In When No One Was Expecting Him, Before the Mists Had Cleared Away.

At 7 o'clock this morning, when the mists of night still clung around the Baltimore & Ohio depot, and but few persons were abroad, the special train bearing the President-elect and his party drew up on the side track in the depot at Washington.

The President-elect was accompanied by his brother, Rev. L. Cleveland, wife and child; his sisters, Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Cleveland; his niece, Miss Mary Hastings; Mrs and Mrs. Daniel Manning, and Col. Daniel Lamont, wife and two children.

The committee of citizens appointed by Chairman Corcoran to receive the President-elect had been informed by him that he desired to avoid a public reception, and would prefer to receive the visit from the committee at his hotel. They were also informed yesterday evening, by members of the Senate designated by Gov. Cleveland as the medium of further communication, that other and private arrangements had been made for his comfortable reception at the station and conveyance to the hotel, but nevertheless when the party arrived only a few train hands and half a dozen reporters were present.

The Illinois Senatorship.

In the joint convention to-day 44 senators and 122 representatives were present on roll call. No response, except by Harris, who voted for Morrison. Adjourned.

Blaine's Sister Dead.

Mrs. Eliza Blaine Walker, only sister of James G. Blaine, died in Baltimore early this morning. Her brother, husband and daughters were with her until she died.

HAVE YOU

Hot and dry skin?
Scalding sensations?
Swelling of the ankles?
Vague feelings of unrest?
Frothy or brick-dust fluids?
Acid stomach? Aching Loins?
Cramps, growing nervousness?
Strange soreness of the bowels?
Unaccountable languid feelings?
Short breath and pleuritic pains?
One-side headache? Backache?
Frequent attacks of the "blues"?
Fluttering and distress of the heart?
Albumen and tube casts in the water?
Fitful rheumatic pains and neuralgia?
Loss of appetite, flesh and strength?
Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels?
Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night?
Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water?
Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin? Then

YOU HAVE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear and reappear until the disease gradually gets a firm grasp on the constitution, the kidney poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhœa, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a rare one—**it is an every-day disorder, and claims its victims by the hundreds. Warner's SAFE Cure** has cured thousands of cases of the worst type, and it will cure you if you will use it promptly and as directed. It is the only specific for the universal

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

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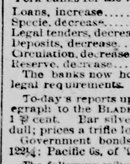

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☞ **Young men and middle-aged men** and all who suffer should consult the **celebrated Dr. Clarke at once.** ☞ **The terrible poisons of** all **bad blood** and **skin diseases** of every kind, name and nature carefully eradicated. **Remember, that one horrible disease,** if neglected or improperly treated, **curses** the present and coming generations. ☞ **Diseased discharges** cured promptly without hindrance to business. Both sexes consulting in confidence by mail, call or write. Delays are dangerous. **"Procrastination is the thief of time." A written warranty of cure given in every case undertaken.**

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Sen. Lamar's Successor.

A dispatch from Canton, Miss., says the friends of Gen. E. C. Walthall in various parts of the state are petitioning Gov. Lowry to appoint him successor to Gen. Lamar, in the event the latter accepts a cabinet position. The friends of Congressmen Barksdale and Singleton are also urging them for the position. As all three of these gentlemen are understood to desire the position, and will be candidates before the legislature of 1886, it is intimated Gov. Lowry will not forestall the public wish or enhance the chances of either one of them by a temporary appointment, but will appoint a suitable successor to Lamar from among those not seeking it, for instance, Judge Watson, Judge Wharton or Col. Percy.

The World's Fair.

The news that an additional appropriation for the Exposition had passed the House and the belief that the Senate will indorse its action had the effect of increasing the spirit of exhibitors to a high degree. With the public the good news is equally satisfactory. The weather is beautiful; and to the visitors who but yesterday were snowed up en route the balmy breeze and genial sun proved a most agreeable surprise. The board of management will now publish daily receipts.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, March 4, 1885.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$1,359,000
Specie, decrease	48,000
Legal tenders, decrease	1,011,200
Deposits, decrease	4,503,000
Circulation, decrease	69,000
Reserve, decrease	592,000

The banks now hold $49,130,000 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 1 @ 2 cent. Bar silver, 99½. Stocks continue dull; prices a trifle lower.

Government bonds—3s, 101½; 4s, 111½; 4s, 122½; Pacific 6s, '95, 125.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	March 3.	Feb. 24.
4½'s coupons	111¾	112¾
4's coupons	122¾	123¾
3's registered	101¾	101
Pacific 6's, '95	125	125

TRADE.

Trade, generally speaking, showed a slight improvement as compared with the previous week. Merchants and manufacturers look for a steady improvement as spring advances.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No. 2 Red wheat was worth 79¾c in this market; on Wednesday it closed at 78¾c; on Thursday 76¾c was the value; on Friday it moved 75¼c; on Saturday it marked 76c, and on Monday it stood at about 75¼c, exhibiting a decline of 4½c within the week.

The past week was a dull one in the grain markets of the United States. From the opening of the week prices steadily declined until Monday, when there was a little better tone, although at the close of the day values lacked strength. No 2 Red Wheat, cash, exhibited a decline within the week of 4½c. In futures the speculative month, May, closed 4½c below the price at the opening of the week. While there is no substantial cause for a decline in prices, there were features in the situation that enabled the bears to influence the market toward a lower basis. The check to transportation was being rapidly removed, which caused apprehension of largely increased receipts, and the vote of the French Chambers to impose a duty on foreign wheat had a depressing tendency. However, the receipts of wheat thus far have been comparatively light, and the action of the French will, no doubt have but a temporary effect, as the shipments of wheat to France during the last fiscal year amounted to only 8,385,000 bushels out of a total of 70,848,000 bushels shipped. Stocks of wheat on large at primary points, which is also a thing that gives the bears an advantage. But notwithstanding the things here mentioned, that have resulted in lower prices and weak markets, there are points to be considered that cannot be ignored, and which must eventually have the effect of giving the bulls an opportunity which they will not be slow to improve. The autumn-sown wheat acreage is about 15 per cent. less than in 1883, and reports from the spring wheat regions indicate that considerable less wheat will be sown than last year. In addition to this will come the late March and early April freezing and thawing. When the proper time arrives these will be coupled together, so that many who are now on the bear side will turn bulls. Corn for cash, in sympathy with wheat, was lower and closed without strength.

Toledo Market.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a dull market for cash wheat, but little being done beyond sufficient to establish prices, which show but slight change.

Sales No. 2 Red wheat to-day	2,500
" " yesterday	13,000

No. 2 Red wheat, Wabash, 75¼c; No. 2 Red, soft Lake Shore, 83c; 3c decline; No. 4 Red wheat, 67c, Wabash.

For future delivery there was a comparatively small amount of business done. May was the only month touched. The market opened weak, with a slightly better tone at the close.

	Mar. bu.	April. bu.	May bu.	June bu.	July bu.
Sales to-day	....	....	81'00	....	....
" yesterday	50000	2'000	23.000	....	....

Seller May, 78c, rose to 78¼c, fell to 78¼c, and closed at 78¼c, ¼c advance.

Cash Corn sold only moderately well. Prices but little altered, and closed weak.

Sales cash corn to-day	11,000 bu
Sales cash corn yesterday	21,0.0 bu

No 2 corn, 42¼@42c